

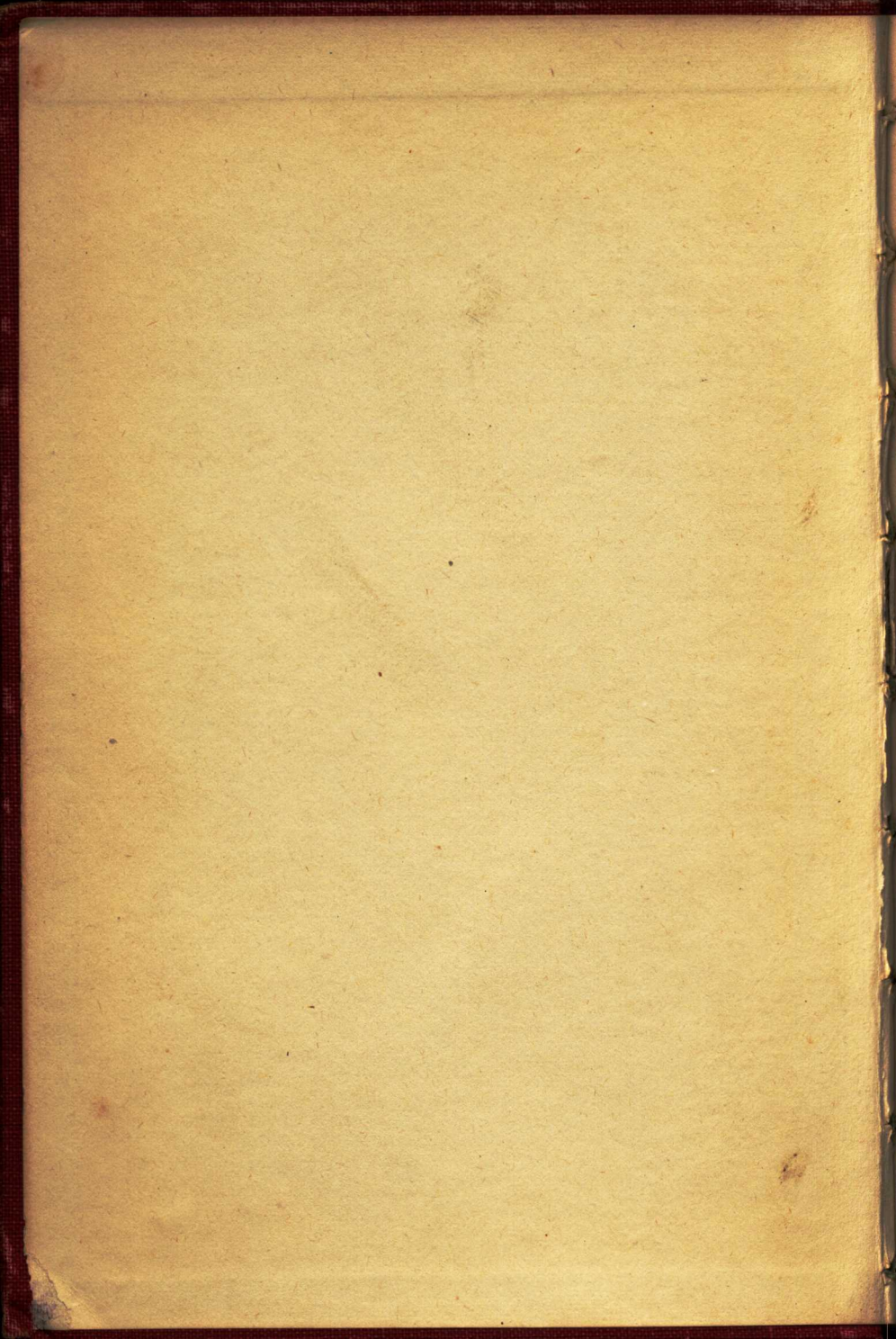
JUNIOR FOLKS AT MISSION STUDY

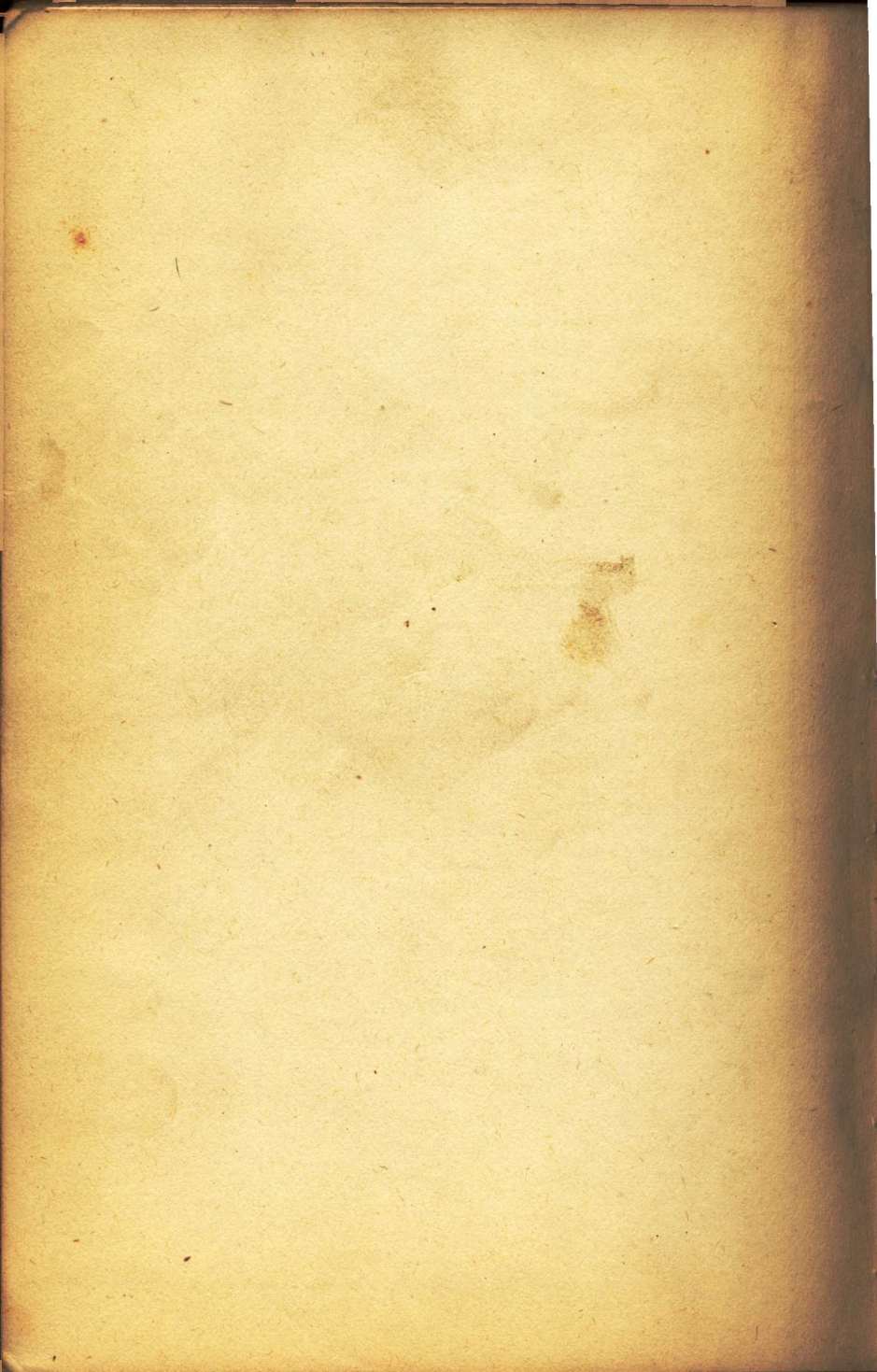


INDIA

NORAE.
BERNEBILE









Village Preacher Telling the "Sweet Old Story"

JUNIOR FOLKS AT MISSION STUDY — INDIA



WRITTEN BY
NORA E. BERKBILE
RETURNED MISSIONARY
FROM INDIA



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FOREWORD

In "Junior Folks at Mission Study—India," Mrs. Berkebile has given the young people and children of America a glimpse into the life in India. She is quite able to do this since she has spent a number of years as a missionary to that country. She has written this at the request of the General Mission Board and we recommend it as a study book for classes in the churches. The term Junior is meant to be inclusive of all ages above the primary up to the adult. It is hoped that a study of this book will create a further desire for information about India and other books will be read. And further we are praying that many will hear the call to carry the Gospel to the needy people of India. H. S. M.

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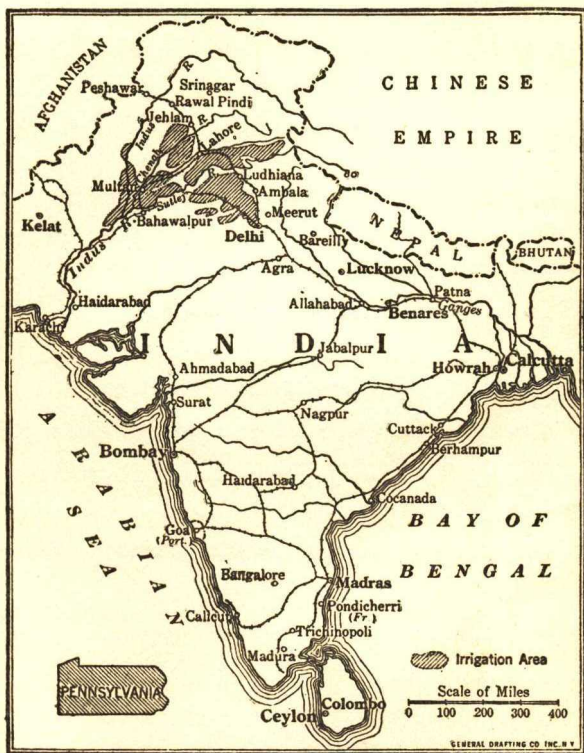
by

General Mission Board

Elgin, Ill.

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CHAPTER I

Uncle John Returns and Tells the Bright Children About India

The mother glanced out of the window to see if the postman was near, but instead of him there were the children, Jack, Robert and Ruth, coming pell-mell down the walk.

Seeing his mother, Jack waved a drab-colored envelope which she recognized at once as a letter from her brother John, for none of her other correspondents used that kind of stationery.

"A letter from Uncle John, Mumsie," called out Jack as he rushed in.

"Let's read it now," said Robert.

"Yes, let's do," echoed Ruth. "We will do our work afterwards and then when father comes in he can read it. He can read it while we are getting lessons."

"It is addressed to you this time, mother," said Jack, getting a chair and gently pushing his mother into it while he sat on the chair arm and gave her his knife to open the envelope.

"Look!" exclaimed Rob. "It's postmarked New York. Let's see when it was mailed!" and he leaned over mother's shoulder to get a better view. "Why,

it was day before yesterday, I do believe. He is right here in the United States this very moment and—" but just then there was a knock at the door and Ruth ran to answer it.

"Hope it isn't some one who will stay so long we can't read our letter," said impatient Rob.

"S'h! Hush!" whispered mother. "Good news will keep."

"Will you come in, please?" they heard Ruth say meekly, and then a tall, tanned gentleman stepped into the room.

One good look and mother and the boys made a rush for him, all exclaiming in a breath, "Why, it's Uncle John! It's Uncle John himself!"

The letter lay unheeded where it fell, while they almost hugged the breath out of him—big man that he was. Ruth stood timidly by, never uttering a word. "Can this really be Uncle John, who went away when I was but four years old?" she was thinking.

"And is this little Ruth?" he said, holding out his arm and drawing her close. "Why, how you have grown! It hardly seems possible this is the little girl I left crying for me at the gate as I hurried away eight years ago. You are almost as tall as your mother. And these young cubs here I would not have known had I met them elsewhere. They will soon be wearing long trousers—why, I believe Jack is now!"

"How time does fly! Sis, you look as good as ever," he said as he hugged his sister again.

The boys helped him out of his coat, and Ruth took his hat while he found a chair. As he was about to sit down he spied the letter and stooping to pick it up said laughing,

"Hello, what's this? Is this the way you use my precious letters—trample them under your feet?"

"We haven't read it yet," they chorused.

"That time, Robert, you were glad when the caller interrupted our reading Uncle John's letter, were you not?" said mother as she tweaked the boy's ear.

"Uncle must surprise father," they said, so they were all smiles and giggles until they could keep it no longer, and father knew all the time that some one was there, but he had to pretend that he was wonderfully surprised. He was as pleased as they, so no greeting could be more welcome.

At supper and until late that evening they listened to uncle telling of his voyage home and experiences along the way. You may be sure there was little study done in that household that night, and everyone was glad that the next day was Saturday, with no school.

When the steamer trunk came and uncle unpacked it and his box, he had presents for them all. There was a soft white Indian shawl for mother, a curiously wrought cane from the Himalaya Mountains for

father, paper weights of marble inlaid with mother-of-pearl from Agra for the boys, and a beautifully-carved sandalwood kerchief box for Ruth. He had curios and pictures galore, which he intended to use in his lectures while at home.

Uncle had many questions to ask about the home people, and with people coming to see him, and church and other affairs it was some time before they had him all to themselves where they could just make him tell all they wanted to know about India.

Mother allowed them to stay up an hour later than usual the nights Uncle John had for them, but lessons must be prepared for next day before they could begin. You may imagine that Latin and algebra and history lessons were studied soon after supper on these evenings.

"Here, uncle, take this big chair," said Ruth, pulling it up and then perching herself on the arm beside him as he sat down. Jack sat on the other arm, while Robert sat at his feet, looking up into his uncle's face.

"Well, children, how and where shall we begin?" asked Uncle John the first night they had to themselves.

"Oh, anything about India will interest me," said Jack.

"I want tiger and snake stories," said Rob.

"Now, boy, let me tell you right here it will be precious few tiger and snake stories you will get from me. Missionaries do not go to India to kill snakes and tigers. They sometimes do kill them if they get in the way, but the country is not so overrun with these things as some people imagine. One missionary I know has two leopard skins on his living-room walls, a big black bearskin rug, a deer-skin or two and a small monkey-skin rug, but he is in the Central Provinces, and with the leopards it meant kill him or kill them, so he killed them and has their beautiful coats now to decorate his walls. But he is about as busy in the school work of his station as any man I have seen.

"When I was a little chap I heard a man from India speak, and about all he told and all I can remember of his talk was snake and tiger stories, and I expected to see a snake in every bush when I went to India. It had sort of a horror for me until I got there and learned differently.

"You need not giggle, Ruth; it isn't just girls who are afraid of snakes.

"Well, I made up my mind that if I ever got back to America I would not tell many snake and tiger stories to give other boys and girls the impression I had of India. But, Bobby," added Uncle John, as he ruffed up Rob's chestnut curls, "perhaps I may tell you one or two some time when we are alone."

"All right, uncle, tell us about the country, the people and caste."

"Yes, tell us about all that and the missionaries, too," spoke up Ruth.

"Well, then, let's begin on the country.

"I need not tell you that India is that three-cornered country stretching southward from mid-Asia into the ocean, and that it is nineteen hundred miles from north to south, and the same distance from east to west at the widest point. You know it has an area of one and one-half millions of square miles and a population of nearly three hundred and forty millions of people.

"You can see that it has been peculiarly protected against outside enemies by its natural boundaries: the Himalaya Mountains on the north, Sulaiman Mountains to the northwest, high ranges and almost impassable forests to the northeast, seas washing either side, its eastern coast sandbanks and with a pitiless surf, while its western coast is very narrow and fenced behind by the Western Ghats. The only weak places in its natural defences are the two mountain passes to the northeast and northwest, the latter being the most dangerous. It has formed a door into India through which conquering tribes from the northwest countries have from time to time entered. This little gateway has had much to do with the history of the country.

“The Himalaya region, the river plains, the southern tableland and Burma form the four great divisions.

“The Himalaya Mountains are not only a defence but a source of wealth.

“During the hot season, a great quantity of vapor arises from the heated southern seas and is carried across India by the regular or monsoon winds. What does not fall in its passage over, strikes the high mountains and is thrown back as rain on the outer slopes, or is frozen into snow on the inner heights and thus treasured up for India alone, giving her the greatest rainfall in the world and at the same time making Thibet an arid plateau.

“Just think, children, the rainfall at one place in Assam is thirty feet annually, while here you have an annual rainfall of thirty-two inches! At the station where I am located we have a nine-foot rainfall, and do you wonder that our books mold and that leather shoes, if unused for a few weeks during monsoons, get a nice coat of greenish gray all over them?

“But the scenery on the Himalaya Mountains cannot well be described. I shall never forget my first view of the perpetual snows. We were at Landour, and a friend begged me not to leave until I had climbed to the heights above the mountain home to see the snows. All at once, after a climb of some

hundreds of feet, the snows on the upper range came into sight. We could only stop in awe, and all we could say was, 'What hath God wrought!' Wonderful! Magnificent! Snowbanks upon snowbanks away off in the distance glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, and a forest-covered plain or valley between us and them. We were over seven thousand feet above sea level, and they were higher, much higher still.

"In summertime the mountain slopes are covered with flowers and foliage in profusion, while stately trees of Himalayan cedar rise in masses of green.

"Strings of donkeys struggle up the winding trails, cut out of the sheer precipices, while the drivers carry loads of pine stems and conical baskets of grain or other supplies from below.

"If the trail happens to be one leading to some rest station in the hills where the missionaries and government people go to build up wasted strength, lost down on the heated plains, there will be an occasional dandy and bearers carrying a worn-out European or American up the mountain trail.

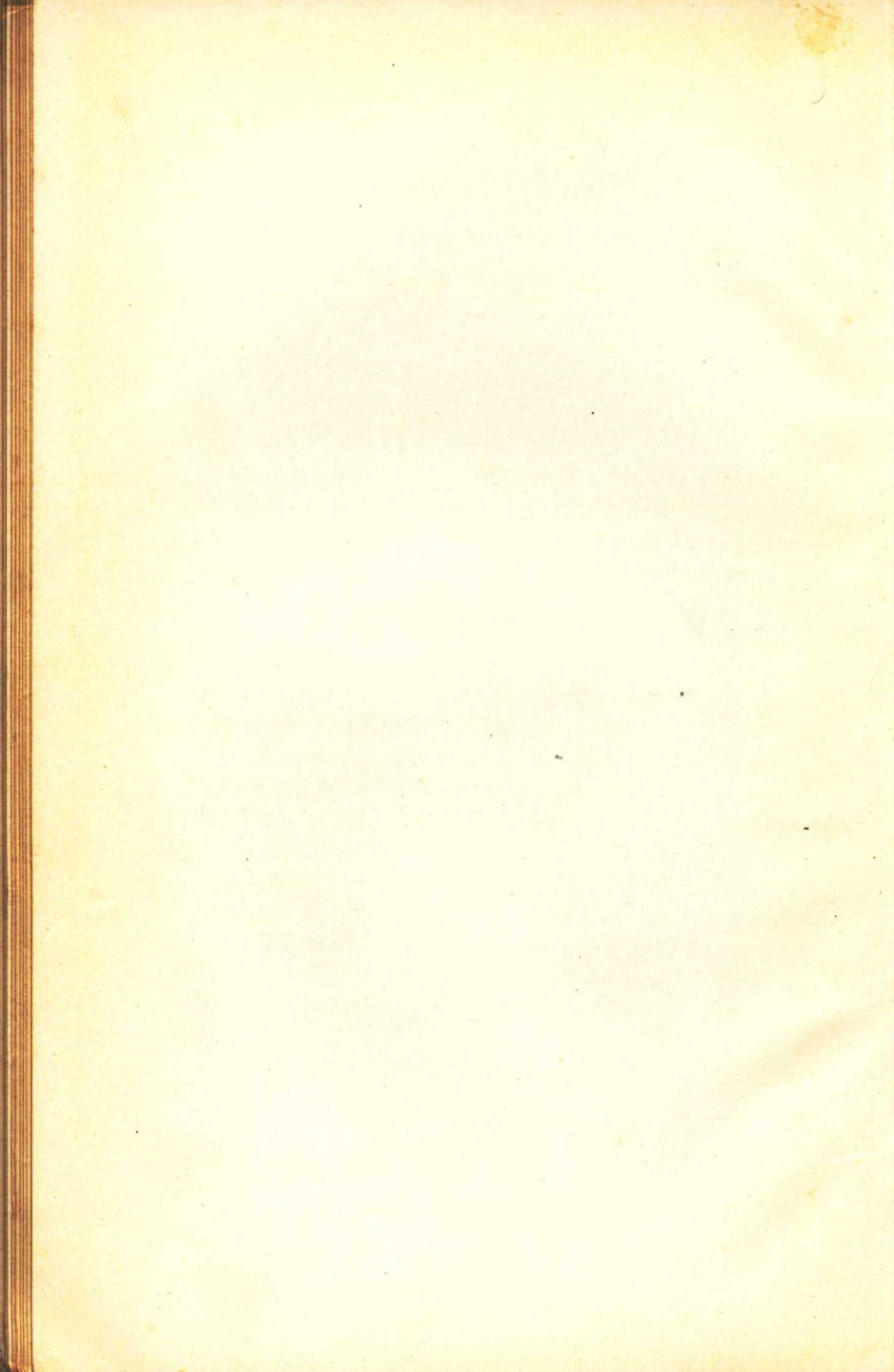
"This abode of snow, the Himalayas, is indeed a source of many good things for India.

The Plains and Rivers

"The Indus and Brahmaputra Rivers rise close to each other behind the Himalayas; the Indus flows west and south and the Brahmaputra flows east a



A. Method of Travel in the Mountains of India



long distance until it finds a place through the clefts of the hills, and then flows west and south and empties into the Bay of Bengal. Both have a course of about eighteen hundred miles.

“The Ganges, including the Jumna, one of its tributaries, is the water carrier for the southern slopes of the Himalayas, for it flows nearly one thousand miles parallel with these mountains, gathering up the streams on its way. The people reverence the rivers which fertilize their fields, and they call this great river ‘Mother Ganges,’ and believe if they bathe in her waters they will be cleansed from sin in this life.

“The river valleys and deltas are very fertile, and especially the Bengal Delta, where so much silt from the mountains is washed down and deposited. Thousands of square miles receive each autumn a top dressing of new soil from the mountains, which so enriches the land that it yields abundant crops.

“Wheat, pulse, rice and other grains are raised, while the mango, with its luscious fruit, the banian, with its hanging roots, the cotton tree, with its red flowers, the tamarind and the babul tower above the growing grain. The babul tree produces the Indian toothbrushes. If the end of a little branch is chewed or pounded the fibers will separate, forming a brush. A little bundle of babul sticks is considered a nice gift.

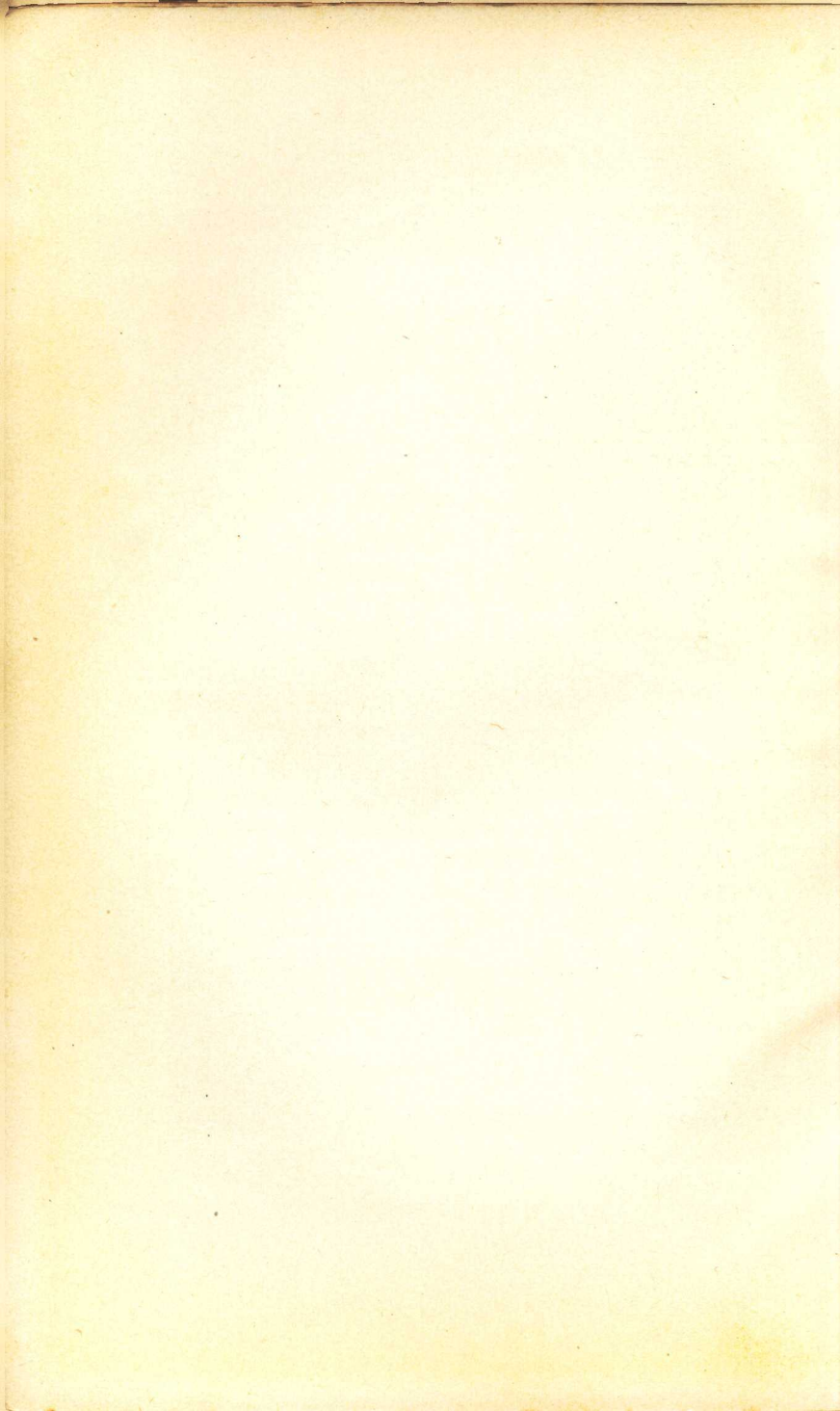
"On the hilly ranges the tea plant grows, and in fact every vegetable needed to feed or clothe a people grows in India.

"Droughts often occur on the inner tableland, so the people have a form of irrigation for their crops. In nearly every large town is a great tank or reservoir, which stores up water from the rainy season.

Seasons

"India has the hot season when the sun shines continuously, vegetation dries up and the ground cracks so that a child in walking must be careful not to catch its foot in them. At such a time one wonders if there will ever be enough water to fill the cracks. Along about the first of June the people who have straw roofs on their houses put on new straw; those who have tiles reset the tiles and prepare in every way for the rains that are about to come. Big banks of clouds gather in the sky, and along about the sixth, seventh or eighth* of June the wind begins to blow a little, the air gets cooler and then the rains come. It rains and rains until one wonders if there will be enough cracks for the water. The tanks and wells fill up, the frogs begin to croak, and the thirsty earth drinks its fill. From June to September the rain keeps pouring and the earth begins to look green again. The sun comes out, the rains stop and a little later the delightful cool season comes on, and then India is beautiful,

*In the Marathi territory where a part of our mission is located. A few days earlier south of this.





Even the Babies Must Wear Cork Helmets to Protect Them From the Sun

with rice fields all green, lantanas like elder bushes along the roadside, and sweet jasmine and bamboo clumps in the pasture lots and in many places beautiful wild flowers of various hues.

“During even the winter season pith or cork helmets must be worn to protect one against the sun’s rays, and even the littlest child, when outside the house, must have on its helmet.

Caste

“I might say the Indian people are made up of a mixed population of Aryan, Dravidian and Mongolian. There was a prehistoric race that left some traces in the Narbada Valley, and these might be compared to our mound builders of America. Then the Mongolian type entered through the northeast pass and the Dravidian from the northwest, driving the early people southward. The Mongolian or Kolarian is represented today by the Bhils and other tribes. You know much of our work is among these same people. Then, later on, the tall, handsome, intelligent Aryans, speaking the Sanskrit (a language related to Persian, Greek, Latin and German) entered from the northwest and settled along the Indus River, where they built houses, tilled the soil, carried on different trades, and seemed to be very religious. These in turn drove the Dravidians southward, where they are represented by the Gonds,

Konds and other people with broad noses, short of stature and dark in color.

“The Aryans were given the name of Hindu from the name of the river along which they settled. In every family there was the patriarch, or house father, who was husbandman, warrior and priest. As they grew in number those especially gifted composed hymns and officiated at sacrifices, while others became the warriors. Then those who carried on the trades and fine arts, etc., were in a third class, while the people they found in the country became the servants. Gradually these divisions took on fixed lines, and finally resulted in the four great castes: the Brahmin or priestly caste, the Kshatryas or warriors, the Vaisyas or traders, and the Sudras or servants.

“The Rig-Veda, a collection of poems, became their sacred book, but the Brahmin caste have written hymns and taught for centuries that they are above all others, and by thus working this teaching into their religious life they have fixed a place for themselves where the ones they call lower can never enter. This has been so instilled into the minds of high and low that only Christian education can ever bring them to a common level. In the place where I lived the Brahmin government officials, who go daily to the courthouse, complain because they must

pass a low-caste settlement and thus breathe the air that passes over these people.

“If a Brahmin is reading the Veda, and a woman comes in sight, he stops reading, for he considers her ear too impure to hear him read it.

“A Brahmin considers himself defiled if a low-caste man touches him, and will not use water from a well where low-caste men draw water if he can help it; neither will he drink from a cup out of which a low-caste man has drunk.

“Hindus say that the Brahmins come from the head of Brahma; the warrior caste from his arms, the trader caste from his thighs, and the servant caste from his feet.

“The four castes have been so divided that there are 2,378 principal castes, and these have been divided into hundreds of others, but in speaking of caste now we usually say Brahmin, middle caste and out-castes.

“It is this caste system which makes India a difficult mission field, for Christianity teaches all men are equal, and to become a Christian they must give up caste.

Language and Customs

“India has one hundred and eighty-five different languages, but Hindi is used by a greater number of people than any other language.

“The people live in villages and towns and go out to their fields to work their crops. During the rice

season only the oldest men and women and little children may be found at home among the farmer castes.

"Their houses are built of bamboo splints, tied around a framework, and these bamboo laths are plastered with cow manure and mud. The floor is a beaten earthen one, plastered with the same that is used for the walls, and the roofs are thatched with straw. The cows and oxen usually occupy a part of the house. They have rude beds, or sleep on the earthen floor. They have little stoves of burnt clay, and cook in earthen or copper vessels and eat their food with thumb and fingers.

"But now it is time to stop, so let me see how much you remember.

"No. 1. What can you tell of the shape and size of India?

"No. 2. What about her natural defences?

"No. 3. Of what use are the Himalaya Mountains to the country?

"No. 4. How do the India people look upon the great rivers?

"No. 5. What can you say of the seasons?

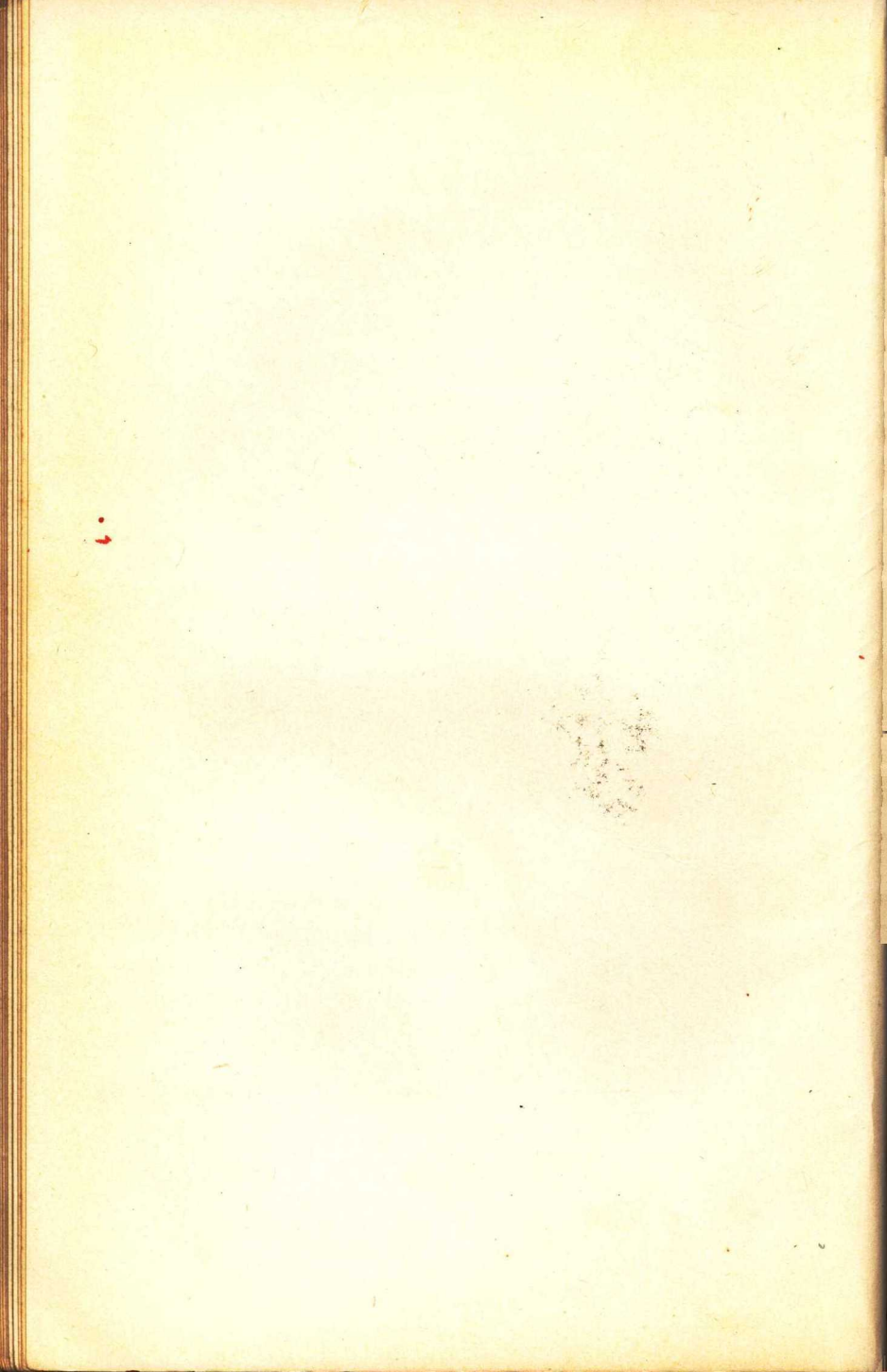
"No. 6. What is the one great barrier to mission work?

"No. 7. Tell what you can about the caste.

"No. 8. What kind of houses do the common people have?



An India House With Thatched Roof



CHAPTER II

Early Missions and the Serampore Trio

Father and Mother Bright had gone to call on a sick neighbor. Uncle John and the children remained at home. Ruth took her accustomed place and the boys sat near waiting for Uncle John to begin.

"Would you mind telling us about early mission work in India, uncle?" asked Jack.

"All right," he replied and began.

"The history of India missions goes back to a very early period of the Christian church, but there are very little reliable data to be found of the work before the Reformation.

"There is a tradition that St. Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, carried the Gospel of Christ to India. However true this may be we do not know, but we do know that Marco Polo, the great traveler of the East, between 1270 and 1295 A. D. found in Travancore a lot of Christians and Jews.

"Vasco de Gama found a strong Christian church in South India, calling themselves Thomas Christians. These lived along the Malabar coast, spoke Syrian, had churchhouses, observed the rite of bap-

tism, communion, the Lord's Supper, and a love feast at which many assembled.

"At the beginning of the sixteenth century it is estimated that there were 150,000 of these people.

Portuguese Rule and Roman Catholic Domination

"When the Portuguese came the Thomas Christians welcomed them, for at first they were not molested in their religion. They had such confidence in them that their head bishop handed over for safe keeping some of the most precious property of the church. Not many years passed until the Portuguese changed their tactics and tried to 'reform' these Christians according to Roman Catholic ideas. To this the Thomas Christians rebelled.

"Stirred by the Romish priests, the government assisted the priests in imprisoning the Thomas Christian bishops, one after another. One was imprisoned for a long time and then put to death in Rome; another was cast into a dungeon, while still another was burned at the stake at Goa, India. Finally they took a solemn oath that no Jesuit should rule them, and they would do all in their power to drive every Jesuit from the land. In this they succeeded to a great extent, but Rome does not easily give up. She had the government behind her, and tried time after time to win back what had been lost. Many of the Romish practices were forced upon these Christians, until a great number of them were

Romanized. A few remained true to their faith, retained the Syrian language, and still have a church in Malabar.

“Some one has called Xavier, the most noted of the Catholic missionaries to India, the ‘Apostle to India,’ but he never learned an Indian language, and the sum total of all his time in the country was but four and one-half years. He was buried at Goa in 1554.

“The Abbe du Boise, perhaps their best one, writes this in 1815 of Roman Catholic Christianity in India: ‘By far the greater part of them—in fact, I might say the whole—present nothing but an empty shadow, a hollow mockery of Christianity.’ He lived like a native in dress and food and spent thirty-two years among them, so he should have known. They keep caste, worship images and need the Gospel of Christ today as much as any other Hindu idolater.

“As long as the Portuguese were in power no Protestant mission work could be done, for no one dared land save from a Portuguese ship and with a Portuguese permit.

“When the East India Company came into power and Portuguese power was broken, things began to change, although the company was unfavorable to missionaries. It opened the way by breaking Rome’s hold on the country.

Danish Rule

"Good King Frederick IV. of Denmark felt it was the duty of every Christian prince to send the Gospel to the natives of all foreign possessions, so he called for a man to go as missionary to Tranquebar, India, then under Danish rule. No suitable man could be found in Denmark, so he sent the call into Germany.

The First Protestant Missionaries

"Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, students of the university in Halle, Germany, answered the call and sailed for Tranquebar, arriving there July 9, 1706. This is the birthday of Protestant missions in India.

"They had to meet opposition before starting, opposition on the way, and opposition with much persecution after landing. Perhaps no missionary has ever worked under greater opposition than Ziegenbalg and it is said: 'It is questionable if any missionary, in so short a time, and with so little help, ever accomplished greater results.'

"He died at the age of thirty-six, after thirteen years of work in India, and left behind as results of his labor: The New Testament and part of the Old, a dictionary, sermons, hymns and the Lutheran Catechism, all in the Tamil language; schools, a seminary, the beautiful Jerusalem church in Tranquebar, and 355 converts.

“Later the great Alexander Duff wrote this of him: ‘Certainly, he was a great missionary, considering that he was, first, inferior to none, and scarcely second to any that followed him.’

“He was the founder of the Danish Tamil Mission. Others followed, but of all these, Christian F. Schwartz was perhaps the greatest, and his life’s history is almost like a romance as we follow him from the poorest Indian’s hut to the palace of the King of Tanjore. Ah, those first missionaries had many difficulties to overcome that we know nothing about today!

The Serampore Trio

“Modern missionary work in India dates from November 11, 1793, the day on which William Carey landed in India.

“Carey was the son of an English schoolmaster, and was born at Paulspury, England, August 17, 1761.

“He was a pupil in his father’s school, and when he grew older had a shop where he mended boots and shoes. He had a thirst for knowledge, especially in language and natural history. He pounded shoe tacks and trimmed leather with his classics and lexicons open upon his bench. One of his friends called the little shoe shop ‘Mr. Carey’s College.’ He was not strong, and his wife was delicate and never sympathized with him.

"He left the shop and began to teach school and preach for the Baptists, to which church he belonged. While teaching geography and seeing the vast regions represented on the map, he began to think of the spiritual darkness of the millions of the world, and this led him to get all the information possible about the heathen.

"At a gathering of Baptist ministers some one asked for a subject for discussion and Carey proposed 'The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel amongst the heathen nations.' This came like a bombshell, and he was almost shouted down. But he was not easily daunted, and kept talking and writing and preaching it until he got the Baptist Missionary Society organized.

"Andrew Fuller, who became his great supporter, said, 'There is a gold mine in India; but it seems as deep as the center of the earth; who will venture to explore it?' Carey quickly replied, 'I will go down, but remember, that you must hold the rope.'

"He was sent out by the missionary society he had organized, and landed in Calcutta November 11, 1793.

"A Dr. Thomas, who had formerly been a ship's doctor, accompanied him, and Carey had hoped he would be a help to the work. Because of foolish debts contracted, and his hot-headed behavior, Thomas had left a bad impression on English society

in Calcutta, who also held aloof from Carey when they saw him with Thomas.

"Thomas squandered much of the slender supplies brought out, and to gain a living Carey was forced to go to work, getting a position as overseer on an indigo plantation.

"After six months in the country a child had died and his wife had lost her reason. Many a man would have given up in despair, but not Carey.

Carey Goes to Serampore

"Brighter days were soon to come. Marshman and Ward were sent out in 1799, and they with Carey settled in the Danish territory of Serampore—thirteen miles by rail from Calcutta. By 1813 the mission was firmly rooted in Calcutta and Bengal."

"Who were Marshman and Ward?" asked Jack.

"Marshman was an Englishman, some seven years younger than Carey. He was a weaver by trade, but later on became a schoolteacher, and like Carey was much interested in languages. His wife, Hannah, was a talented woman, who, when they started up work in Serampore, assisted him in the very successful boarding-schools which were attended by both boys and girls, from the highest families downwards. He edited *The Friend of India*, one of the country's best papers, and had oversight of the Serampore College, established in 1818.

"Ward was a printer by trade, and also an Eng-

lishman, sent out by the Baptist Society. He as well as Marshman entered into Carey's plans for the work, and in time his printing work was so developed that he built a magnificent printing-house, fitted with its own paper mill and type foundry. Here the type for many of the languages of India were first cast, and the first printed matter in these tongues brought out. Noted scholars of the East brought their printing for Ward to do. He began to print a Bengali newspaper and an English magazine.

"It is wonderful how God brought these three men together.

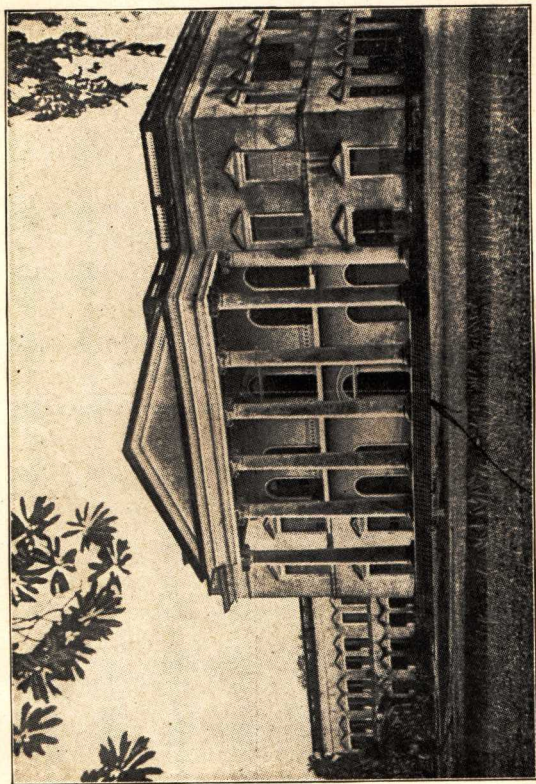
"Carey was making a special study of Sanskrit and other languages. He could read his Bible in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, French and English, was a master of Sanskrit and spoke six different dialects.

"Need we wonder that when the English government founded Ft. Williams College in Calcutta they invited Carey to become the professor of oriental languages in the school?

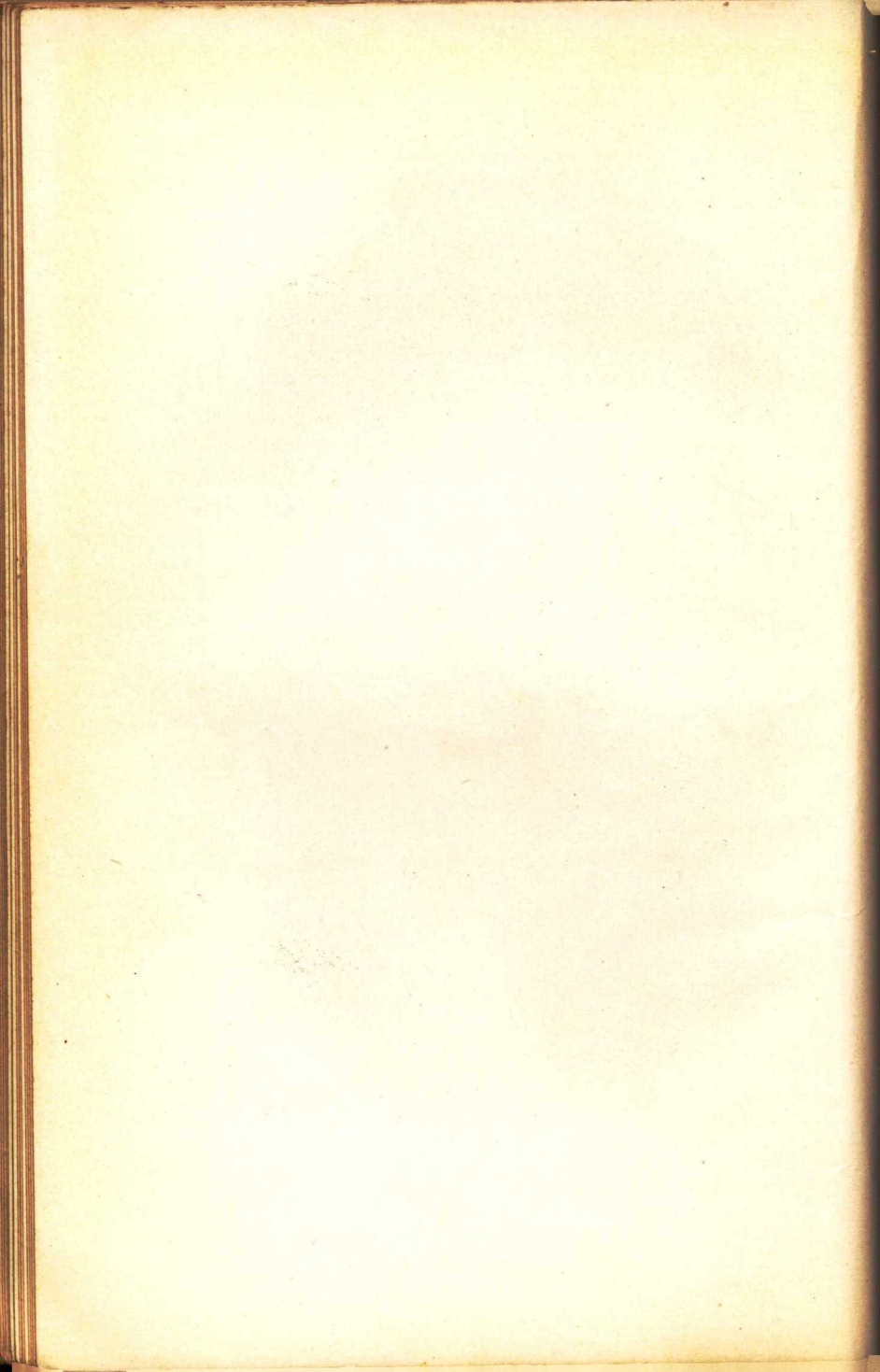
"Quite a step for the poor English cobbler!

"At a government house dinner a man, thinking to humiliate Dr. Carey, asked an officer in a loud whisper, 'Was not Dr. Carey a shoemaker?' Carey heard him and answered, 'No, sir, only a cobbler.'"

"My!" gasped Rob. "Guess that fellow must have felt small as a peanut about then."



The College at Serampore and Carey's House



Uncle John laughed and said, "No doubt he did.

"He translated the Bible in part or wholly into twenty-four Indian languages or dialects—some authors say forty—prepared grammars and dictionaries in the Sanskrit, Marathi, Bengali, Punjabi and Telugu dialects, wrote articles on history and botany of India, besides assisting with the educational and evangelistic work. It is said he worked eighteen hours a day, for the forty-one years of his life in India.

"One evening the printing office took fire, and buildings, types, papers, proofs and the Sanskrit and other translations were burned. It was a loss of \$40,000, and no insurance. But nothing ever seemed to daunt Carey, so he went to work to build up. Types were recast from metal recovered from the wreck, and in two months printers were at work. In two more, money was collected for the repair of the premises, and within seven months the Scriptures had been retranslated into the Sanskrit language.

"He died June 9, 1834, and was buried beside his second wife, Charlotte Rumohr, who had been a great help to him, in the mission cemetery at Serampore. Ward had died some eleven years before, and Marshman died three years later. All three of these men, who loved each other as brothers, rest there

together in the place they loved so well, and for which they sacrificed so much.

"The trio contributed by their own labor to the cause of India missions nearly half a million dollars.

"A few of the results of the labor of these men have been summed up, but God alone knows the sum total."

"Uncle John," said Rob, "if ever I get to India I shall not rest until I can go to Serampore. But go ahead with your questions."

"No. 1. Tell something about the Thomas Christians.

"No. 2. What can you say of the Roman Catholics in India?

"No. 3. Who sent out the first Protestant missionaries to India?

"No. 4. Tell something about Ziegenbalg.

"No. 5. Who are known as the Serampore Trio?

"No. 6. Tell something about Carey before he went to India.

"No. 7. What about Marshman?

"No. 8. What was Ward's Work?

"No. 9. Tell of Carey in India.

"No. 10. Where are these men buried?"

"Wasn't Carey a wonderful man!" said Jack.

"Yes, and what good helpers he had," added Ruth.

"I do like to hear you tell of these people who have done such great things."

CHAPTER III

America's First Missionary Doctor, John Scudder, Physician and Soul Winner

"Tell us about healing the Indian people tonight, uncle," begged the trio of Bright children. "You see we have been helping to build a hospital over there—our Sunday-school is—and we want to know something about it."

"Let's see," mused Uncle John. "Guess we better begin by telling you something about the Hindu knowledge of medicine."

"Long ago the Brahmins made their first study of anatomy by cutting up the animals at the sacrifices in those days. They trained their students by having them perform operations on wax spread over a board (*instead of flesh*), and on stems of plants.

"When caste rules grew so strong the Brahmins began to avoid contact with blood or diseased matter, and left the medical profession to a lower caste, and these in turn shrank from touching dead bodies. Then public hospitals were abolished and Hindu medicine declined until it sank into the hands of inferior men of the villages, who had only a knowledge of a few Sanskrit texts and a list of drugs, and used spells, fasts and quackery.

"When Duff arrived in India he found that Hindu knowledge of medicine was inferior indeed. Then, as the young men learned English and studied Western knowledge, they began to see the folly of the old superstitions, and it was not long until they began to dissect and take up the study of medicine in earnest.

"But even now there are few enough doctors for the masses of people who need medical aid.

"The Hindus had more hospitals for disabled cattle than for people, and it took Christianity to awake them in preparing suitable places for the care of the suffering ones.

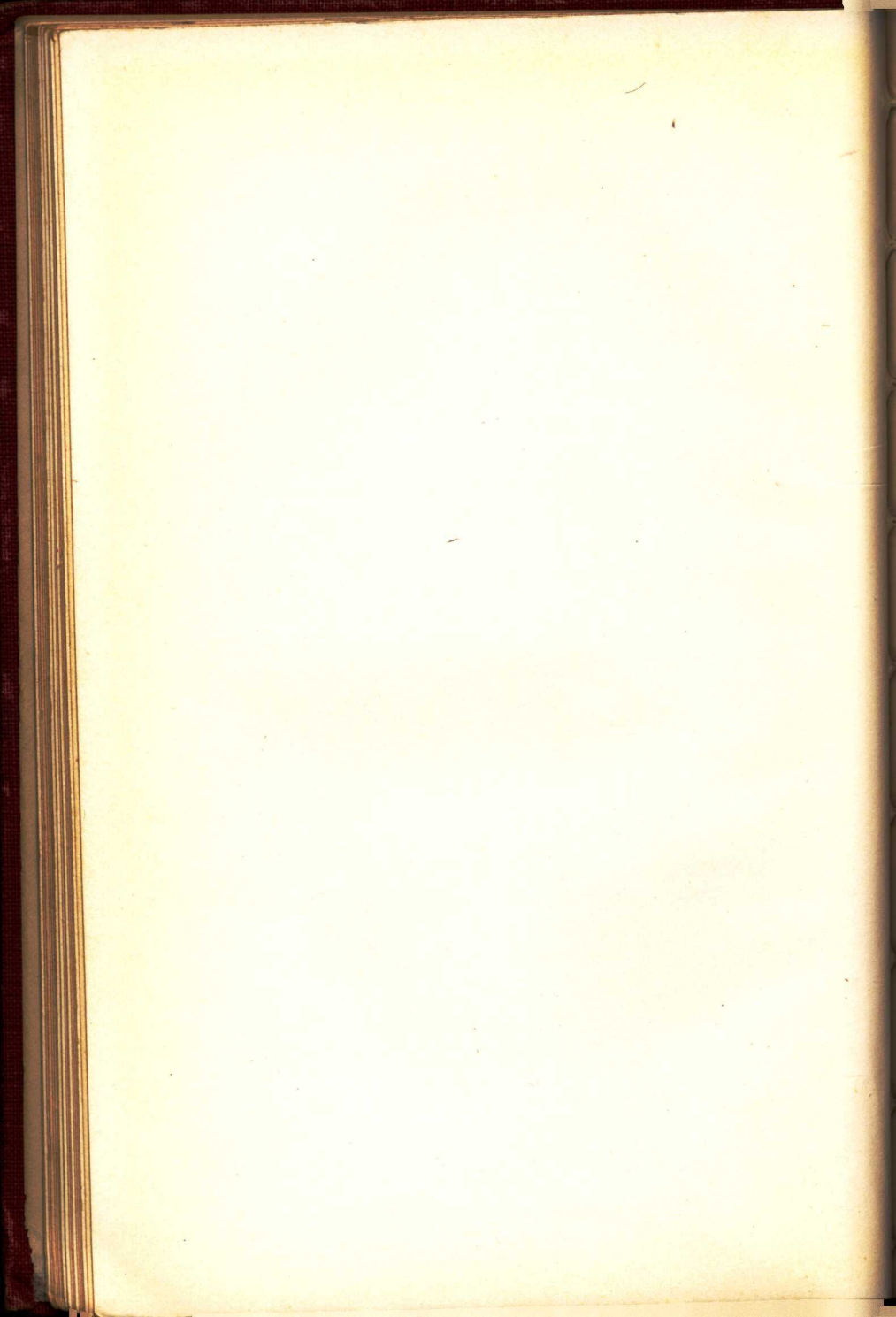
"I shall never forget our own first medical work, and how we would see the lame, the blind, the sick flocking to the little nine by twelve room which our first missionary doctor used as a dispensary.

"One old woman had cataracts on both eyes. She had come groping along in darkness from some small village miles out in the jungle, and went away seeing and calling down blessings on Doctor Saheb. Operation after operation he performed, and it is marvelous how they recovered when we think of his hospital equipment.

"His first hospital was a framework of poles, a straw roof, brush tied to bamboo strips for the outside walls, and earthen floor. Here a limb was amputated, tumors removed, cataracts taken off, and



Since Having a Kind Nurse to Care for Them the Babies Are Happy



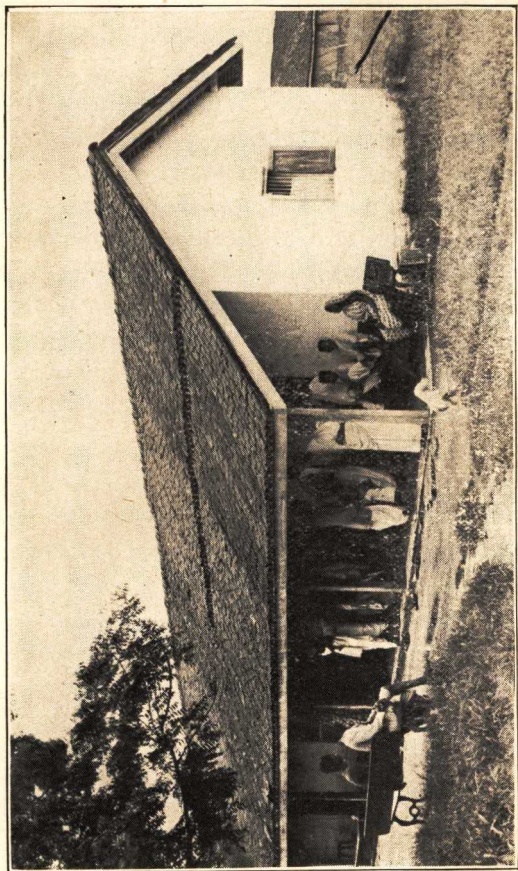
fever and pneumonia patients cured by the energetic little Doctor Saheb, with the help of his God.

“Before he had constructed this rude hospital several patients were sent for treatment, and outside of his little room he made a small pen from woven grass mats for the two boys. He came in one day and said to one of the lady missionaries, ‘Will you please make some porridge for those two little fellows out there?’ She went out, taking the porridge, and there they lay on the ground, without anything but a small sheetlike covering wrapped around over coat and dhoti (trousers), too sick to sit up. One, who was blind, had been crying and tears and earth besmeared his face and he was breathing with difficulty. She spoke to him and he begged for a drink. As she cleaned his face and then raised him up for a drink, the tears rolled from his sightless eyes and he said, ‘Thank you, mama.’ She said nothing in all India touched her as that did. They could eat but little, and each time she went he seemed weaker. The next morning as she went to feed them the doctor said the blind boy was dead. There he had died in a place not nearly so good as your father has for little sick pigs. The doctor did the best he could. With hundreds of patients and no hospital at all, need we wonder that his heart ached for the poor suffering ones and he begged for a hospital?

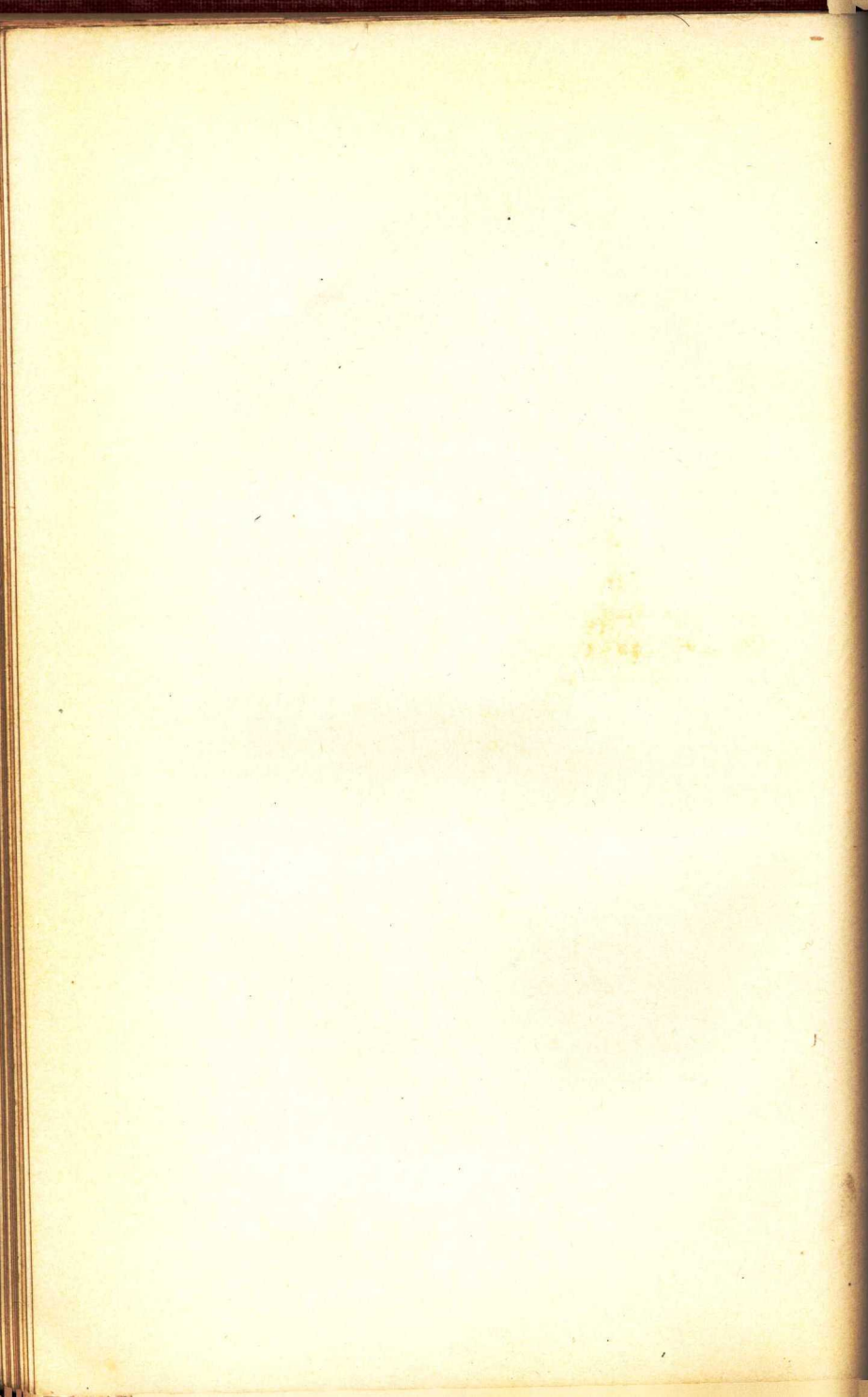
"The missionaries did not beg in vain, for now we have hospitals. With doctors, doctors' assistants, American and native nurses, the little boys and girls need not lie on the ground unprotected when brought for treatment.

"Each mission station should have a medical missionary, for the people come for miles to the mission home for treatment, and every missionary, sometime or other, must treat the sick. The natives bring their children with sore eyes and ears, with skin diseases and fevers, and beg for medicine for them. Old men and women, crippled with rheumatism, come begging some healing balm, and although the missionary has but little knowledge of medicine, he or she, as the case may be, will be called upon to doctor anything from a sore finger to a gangrenous foot; from a light fever to deadly cholera, or to treat the poor farmer's ox or the rich Mussulman's beautiful horse.

"The quack doctors brand with hot coins or white hot irons for rheumatic pains or stomachache, and scarcely a native child but bears marks on abdomen and chest where it has been seared with irons. Ignorance and superstition are a barrier to sanitary conditions. Just back of our house lived a low-caste people. A noted religious teacher came among them, and to show honor to him they washed his feet, and to bring virtue to themselves they would



The Bulsar Dispensary



drink the water in which his feet had been washed. They believe smallpox is sent by a special goddess, and to appease the wrath of this goddess they make all sorts of offerings to her. They flock to the house of a smallpox patient and worship him, or put him on a cart and haul him around the town to the beating of tom-toms and chanting of hymns. One time when the disease was particularly bad in our town they drove a buffalo around, hacking at it with knives until it could scarcely move, and then killing it before the temple of the smallpox goddess. One time they buried a buffalo alive.

“Water could have been easily piped into our town from an upland lake. When the missionary went about to work up sentiment among the Brahmins and other influential men of the town they said, ‘Yes, it would be nice, but if our women could just turn a spigot and get water it would make them lazy. Our mothers carried water from the wells, and so can our wives.’ And they are still drinking bad water when they could easily have pure.

“The first physician who went from America to any heathen land went to India—”

“Tell us about him, uncle! Please tell us about him!” interrupted the children.

So Uncle John told them of that saintly, tireless worker who went to India a hundred years ago.

**John Scudder, Physician and Evangelist, the First
American Doctor to India**

“Joseph Scudder was a New Jersey lawyer of repute, and a gentleman of the old school. His wife was a very cultured woman, pious and winsome, who came from a fine old family.

“To them were born September 3, 1793, at Freehold, New Jersey, their son John, whom a few months after birth the parents dedicated to God.

“He inherited the mother’s Christian character, as well as the sturdy qualities of the maternal grandfather of Revolutionary days of stress and toil and sacrifice. When a small boy John would run about the streets of the town, gathering sticks for the fires of the poor.

“‘What are you doing with that, John?’ asked some one upon seeing him tugging at a heavy piece of wood. ‘Miss Becky has no fire, so I am taking it to her,’ he replied.

College Days and Choice of Profession

“When ready for college his father sent him to Princeton. While here he became deeply interested in the conversion of his fellow-students. He felt a calling to the ministry, but his father objected, wanting his son to study law instead. Rather than become a lawyer, young Scudder decided he would study medicine.

“He then entered the New York Medical College, and in time graduated. He became resident physi-

cian in the almshouse in the city, where he had plenty of practice and great opportunity to help the weak, downtrodden and discouraged ones.

“After a number of years at that place he took up general practice and was considered a very successful doctor.

“One day a patient handed him a missionary pamphlet, entitled, ‘The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Million,’ the reading of which stirred the young doctor deeply.

Accepts the Call to India

“About this time the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions decided it was quite necessary to send out men who could follow Christ’s example in healing the sick, so they advertised for a man who could qualify both as an evangelist and as a physician, to go to Ceylon.

“This appeal was read by Dr. Scudder, who was yearning for the opportunity to serve his Lord in heathen lands, and he accepted. The only thing that made him hesitate at all was that he had married a lovely woman, who had never given the foreign field a thought, so far as it concerned her going, and they had a little two-year-old daughter, with whom the India climate might not agree. But his wife gladly entered into his plans when consulted. Some of his friends said he was ‘crazy’ to leave such a good practice in New York to devote his life to ‘the

heathen.' The Board of Commissioners felt themselves fortunate to secure such a man, and arrangements were made for sailing.

Leaving Home and the Voyage

"In those days hundreds of people were not sailing to Europe and the Orient every year, and when a missionary to the foreign field was sent out they did not have the plan of allowing furloughs. Those who went on such a mission never expected to return to their native land. Naturally those who gathered to see them off were deeply moved. 'Farewell, friends, farewell forever,' were the parting words. Those who looked on said, 'John Scudder's eyes kindled and his cheeks glowed,' and as the vessel moved out he waved his hand and said, 'Only give me your prayers; that is all I ask.'

"Black Amy, a servant in the Scudder home, had refused to be left behind, so arrangements were made for her to accompany them.

"Besides the Scudders there were three other missionary families, and all sailed from Boston June 8, 1819, on the brig 'Indus.'

"The ship was in charge of a Christian captain by the name of Wills, who gave his ship over to the missionaries, so far as services were concerned. Each Sunday morning they had service in the cabin, and in the afternoon on deck. A conference was held once a week, prayer meeting once a month, and

a class in theology every afternoon. In private rooms there were numerous services of prayer.

“It was not long until the seamen began to ask, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’ and very soon a religious revival was taking place on board ship.

“Before the sailing vessel had completed its four months’ voyage the first and second officers of the ship, the clerk, the steward, the carpenter, the cook and most of the seamen had accepted Christ.

“In writing home to his people Dr. Scudder said: ‘I believe there was not a thoughtless sinner on board.’ He said he had never seen God’s power so manifested in any revival at home.

“The captain could not land at Ceylon as he had planned, so the entire party landed at Calcutta.

“While waiting in Calcutta for a ship to take them to Ceylon, Dr. and Mrs. Scudder became acquainted with William Carey and other missionaries, and while here their little daughter Marie died after an illness of but three days, bringing great sadness to the parents.

They Take Up Work in Ceylon

“Ceylon is a beautiful place, with its rice fields, palms, cinnamon groves and cocoanut forests.

“When Dr. Scudder went there, Ceylon had about a million people, made up mostly of two classes—Cingalese, who were Buddhists, and Tamils, who were Brahmin in religion. The medical missionary

was sent to Jaffna district, in the extreme north of the island, and settled at Panditeripo in July, 1820.

"At one time the Roman Catholics under Portuguese rule had worked here, but had abandoned the place, so Dr. Scudder began to repair their abandoned properties.

"Just as soon as Dr. Scudder had acquired a speaking knowledge of the language he began to preach to the people. In May, 1821, he was ordained to the Christian ministry.

"Early every morning he prescribed for the sick. When his skill became known people flocked to him in great numbers. The people marveled at the success of Dr. Scudder's operations, and began to consider him divine. All who came for healing were told the story of Christ. Tracts were given and the doctor went from house to house to meet the people. He took long trips, with his medicine case and surgical instruments, through jungle where wild animals and serpents were numerous, but he never was molested. He usually found a hearty welcome wherever he went, and was constantly at work with farmer and fisher and carpenter and high-caste man and low, telling them of Christ's love for all.

"When some one remonstrated with him for working so hard he would say, 'Eternity will be long enough to rest in.'

"With all his work he never neglected his prayer

and Bible study, giving two and one-half hours every day to this, while every Friday was his prayer and fast day.

“His wife was a great help to him—teaching the women to sew, visiting in the homes, assisting with the schools, besides looking well after her own household.

“Old Black Amy was a wonderful help to her, and some one in writing of the Scudders says that ‘we must count Black Amy a missionary, too, for perhaps her labor as an unassuming servant made it possible for this home to be maintained so long in India.’

The Doctor's Health Fails

“His long trips on foot through the heat so weakened Dr. Scudder that he never fully got over the effects. He was persuaded to go for a rest to the mountains on the west coast of India, and it is said that just before he left, forty-one persons united with the church, much to the joy of the departing doctor. He stayed away nearly a year, Mrs. Scudder in the meanwhile caring for the work as best she could. He was much improved, but was not yet well. He had visited Madras and was much impressed with it as an extremely needy field, with its almost innumerable towns and villages easy of access.

“The Board sent him and another missionary

there to work. His plans were to set up a printing press in Madras, so he could print the Bible and other Christian literature in the Tamil tongue.

"But the doctor was not satisfied to remain in the city all the time. With native helpers he traveled among the villages, distributing literature and preaching and healing as he had done in Ceylon, but he was not welcomed as kindly here as he had been in their beautiful island home.

"In a letter to his father he speaks of being so sore from bruises caused by stoning in one of the villages. Yet like Paul he did not let stones stop his work.

Stricken With Jungle Fever

"One time while traveling through the jungle he was stricken with jungle fever, and it was feared that he would die. His wife was asked to come immediately—to travel night and day if she would see him alive. Accompanied by their little son and by native porters she started on the dangerous journey.

"One night, when in the worst part of the jungle, the roaring of wild beasts so frightened the natives that they ran away, leaving Mrs. Scudder and the little one sitting there in that desolate place alone. She held her baby boy by the hand and spent the night on her knees in prayer.

"Elephants, which easily could have trampled her to death, came near; tigers and other wild beasts

growled and drew close, but would then go back. They seemed to circle around the spot where the woman and child were, but God alone must have kept them from harming her. At last the long, dreadful night was over, and when it grew light the cowardly bearers came back, picked up their burden and started on.

“Dr. Scudder did not die, but his health was so badly impaired that friends advised him to return to America for awhile, but he insisted on remaining in India. Later on, at the advice of physicians, he consented and returned to America, but was not content to go to some quiet place and rest.

“He traveled much during his three years in the homeland, addressing young people’s meetings and coming in personal touch with boys and girls. It is estimated that he touched the lives of one hundred thousand children with his messages.

“Many candidates before the Board in later years said they were influenced by Dr. Scudder to give their lives to foreign work.

“While at home he would say, ‘There is no place like India. It is nearer heaven than America.’

Returns to India

“In 1845 he returned to Madras. He felt his days on earth were not many, but he was constantly busy, preaching, praying, preparing literature and advis-

ing younger missionaries. He also kept up his medical work during the last years of his life.

"He was transferred to Madura, and here the native doctors grew jealous of him because people flocked to him for healing, much to the loss of the objectors. These quack doctors resorted to witchcraft to destroy Dr. Scudder, but all was in vain.

"His eyesight began to fail and he wrote about it thus: 'My eyesight has begun to fail, but, though I should become blind, if spared I trust I shall be able to preach. Under usual circumstances I should prefer losing my voice to my eyesight; still under my circumstances I would sooner lose sight than voice. I could do nothing without the latter.'

"With poor eyesight came the death of his wife, dealing him a double blow. They were a very loving couple, and he grieved deeply for her. Two days after her death his son Samuel passed away while in the theological seminary in New Brunswick, N. J., where he was preparing to go back to India as a missionary.

"The doctor kept growing weaker and weaker. His son Joseph took him on a sea voyage, sailing for the Cape of Good Hope, at which place they landed November, 1854. The voyage had seemed to build him up some, but on January 13, 1855, as he was resting, preparatory to addressing a meeting, his spirit took its flight.

"He was buried in South Africa, but some time later his remains were taken to India, where they were placed beside his wife.

"Before Mrs. Scudder died she told some one that her constant prayer had been that all her children might witness for Christ in India.

"It was the desire of both that this might come to pass. All of their children volunteered to follow in the footsteps of their parents. With the exception of Samuel, who died at school, and the four little ones buried in India, all the members of the family were enrolled as foreign missionaries.

"On the hundredth anniversary of their sailing we find that not fewer than thirty-one of their descendants have been missionaries in India, and seven other descendants have labored in other foreign fields.

"Six of his sons and two of his grandchildren became medical missionaries. Dr. Ida Scudder, a granddaughter, is principal of the Interdenominational Women's College of South India."

"My, what a record!" exclaimed Jack. "That's what results when a fellow is in earnest, isn't it?"

"And when he prays two and one-half hours every morning before beginning work. Add that to earnestness, Jack," said Uncle John.

"His life makes me think of a Bible verse I learned the other day," said Ruth. "Surely Dr.

Scudder followed in the footsteps of Jesus. Here is the verse:

“ ‘He welcomed them and spake to them of the kingdom of God, and them that had need of healing he cured.’ Luke 9: 11.”

“No. 1. Tell something of the Ancient Hindus’ practice of anatomy.

“No. 2. What hindered the Hindus’ advancement in surgery?

“No. 3. Tell something of the need of doctors and hospitals.

“No. 4. Who was the first American Medical Missionary?

“No. 5. Tell something of his parentage and early life.

“No. 6. Tell about his call.

“No. 7. What can you say of the voyage?

“No. 8. His manner of work?

“No. 9. Tell something of Mrs. Scudder.

“No. 10. Tell of his death and about his children.”

“Uncle, you told me a tiger story, and didn’t know it, didn’t you?” chuckled Rob. “I would call Mrs. Scudder’s jungle trip a splendid story, wouldn’t you, Ruth?”

Uncle John wooled up Rob’s hair and told him to go off to bed, lest he would not get his beauty sleep.

CHAPTER IV

Alexander Duff, the Educational Missionary

"Your turn tonight, Rob; what shall it be?" asked Uncle John, seating himself comfortably in his accustomed place.

"I want to hear about that man Duff. I heard you speak of him as the 'Great Alexander Duff,' and just the way you look and speak when you mention his name makes me think you like him just a little better than any fellow who ever went to India."

"Well, Rob, he was an important man in Indian mission work, particularly on the educational side."

"Do the Indian children want an education?" questioned Ruth.

"Want an education! They certainly do. Of course, there may be a few who like to play truant, but as a rule they like school. They sing their poetry, they study out loud, they use sand instead of blotting paper to dry their ink. They have multiplication tables in fractions, and would think they were getting off easy if they did not need to say the tables farther than the 12s.

"Since I have been home and in some of our Sunday-schools I have wished I might have a contest between some of our Indian boys and girls and you

fellows at home on the Sunday-school lessons. I believe India would come out ahead every time. They take an examination every year, and many of our pupils have won medals.

"There are many who have not had the opportunity of attending school. Look at these pictures and see the difference.

"I want to tell you about a little Katode boy, low-caste he was, but he was determined to have an education. Now in the village schools that are not under mission control the low-caste boys must sit on the veranda if there is one, and if not he can sit or stand outside. Well, there was no veranda to his schoolhouse, so the high-caste teacher and high-caste boys sat inside while he stayed out by the door or window. It was not so bad until the rains came. They thought the rain would keep him away, but no, sir, he came day after day and stood in the rain and got what help he could. Of course the teacher would not touch him, but he could learn lots looking on, and learn he did.

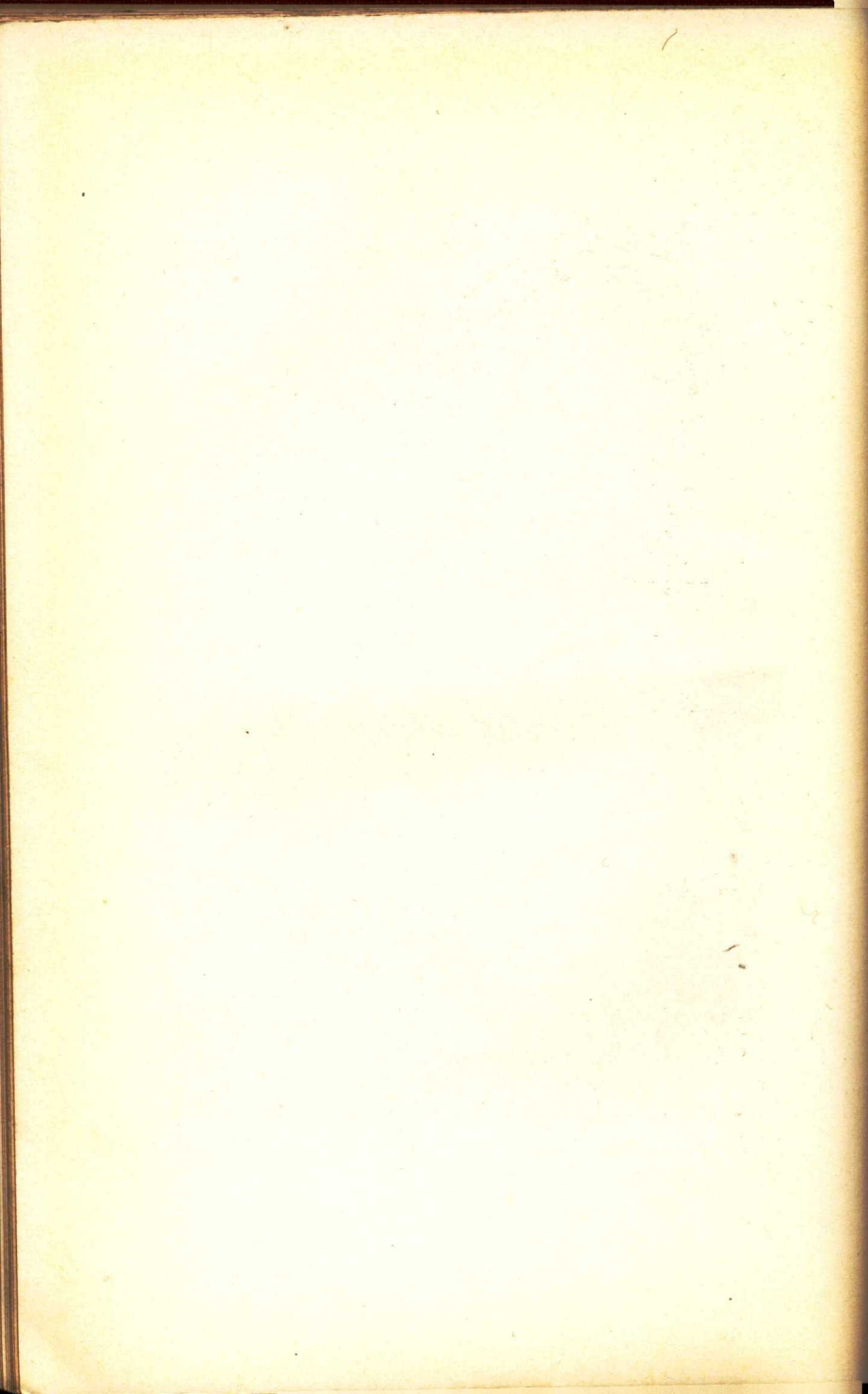
"One day the English collector found out about the boy who would brave the heavy downpour day after day to get an education, and he said such earnestness should be rewarded, and he made it possible for him to have better school advantages. I have often wished I could hear where the boy is now. I am sure he is making his mark somewhere and has



These Children Would Like to Be in School but Have to Mind Their Little Brothers



Many Like These Are Now Enjoying the Privilege of Christian Education



a better position than those who would not let him come inside.

“There was a day when the low-caste children had scarcely any opportunity at all to get an education, but English rule and Alexander Duff with other mission workers have cleared the way wonderfully.”

“Oh, tell us about Duff before you forget it,” begged Rob. So uncle commenced on his favorite missionary of all.

Alexander Duff (1806-1878), India's Great Educational Missionary

“One summer day a Scotch boy, home from the grammar school at Perth, lay musing among the blueberries on the bank of a river near the Grampian Mountains.

“His cottage home was in an open glade, a mountain stream flowing on each side, while trees of ash, oak, larch and birch surrounded it. Amid scenery of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur this young Alexander had been born to James and Jean Duff, devout farmer people at Auchnahyle, April 25, 1806. Later on they moved to the cottage, between the streams loved so well by the boy who lay with head on arms gazing up into the blue sky.

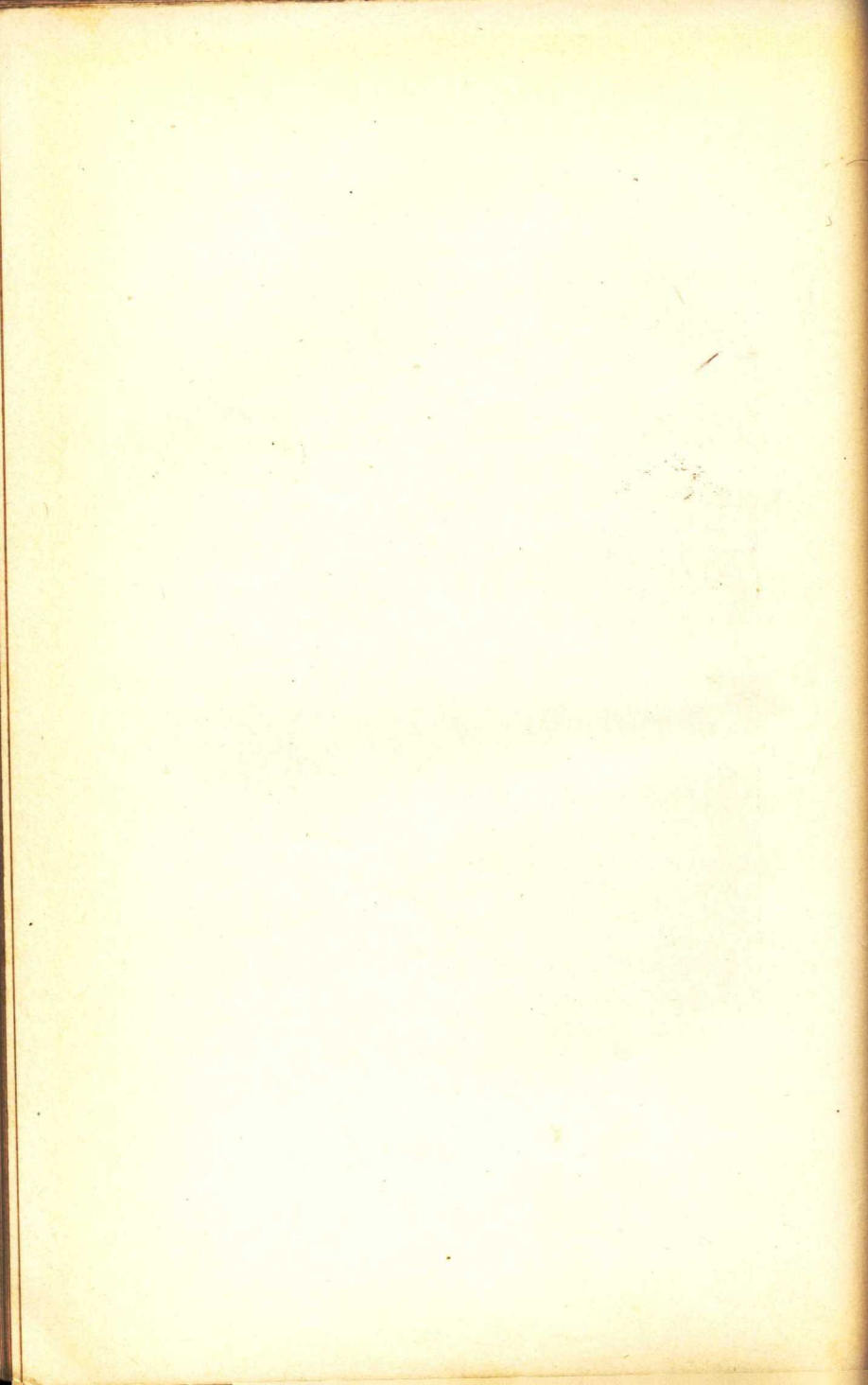
“He was thinking of how he had been almost miraculously saved from drowning some time before this in one of these rivers, and of a dream he

had of the Judgment Day. His father often read Buchanan's poems, and the children listened to them read or would read them for themselves. Alexander had read the poem, 'The Day of Judgment,' and then dreamed that the day had come and he saw the Judge sitting on the throne and people coming up one by one to get their sentence to punishment or to everlasting life. He dreaded his turn, and when it came he was so excited and trembling that he awoke and begged God to pardon his sins. Thinking of these things and the hills and sky and trees about and above him, he fell asleep, and this time he dreamed he saw a great light in the distance, its brightness surpassing that of the sun. Then from the great light there seemed to be approaching him a magnificent chariot of gold, studded with gems, drawn by fiery horses. The glory was so great it filled him with awe. At last the chariot reached his side, and from its window God looked out and, addressing him in the mildest tones, said, 'Come up hither; I have work for thee to do.' In his effort to arise and obey the boy awoke with wonder. He went to the cottage and told his parents all about the dream. It was remembered very vividly as long as he lived, and years later when his grandson on his knee begged for stories he would tell this dream.

"His father was of a deeply religious turn of mind, and often he talked to his son about the hea-



Peter Dahana Lost His Goat. "I'll be a worker some day but just now somebody's got my goat"



then world, showing pictures of Juggernaut and other gods, so filling him with hatred of idolatry and a pity for the idolaters that quite early he felt a drawing to help the benighted ones of earth.

“After finishing the grammar school he went to St. Andrews. He made his way by winning scholarships, giving exhibitions, etc., as he was a brilliant student. Dr. Chalmers was much interested in the salvation of the heathen, and his missionary addresses started to burning the sparks kindled within young Duff’s heart by his father in the little cottage at Balnakeilly. His cheerful, agreeable, fun-loving nature made him many friends. Handsome and full of fun he was, but never boisterous nor vulgar.

Duff Is Called by the Church

“The Church of Scotland was waking up on missionary lines and had been searching and enquiring for the right man to send as an educational missionary. They decided that they had found him in Duff, for he was not only highly educated, but he was prudent and discreet, which is quite necessary in a man undertaking such a work. When first asked he felt too unworthy for the place, but after repeated requests he consented.

“He prayed, ‘O Lord, thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none; what I have I give unto thee. I offer thee myself; wilt thou accept the gift?’

"They told him to go to the eastern part of India to establish a Christian school, but said he must not put it in Calcutta.

Duff Sets Sail and Is Shipwrecked

"October 14, 1829, he and his wife, who was Ann Scott Drysdale, set sail on the 'Lady Holland.'

"Not far from the southern port of Africa the ship was wrecked on the sandbanks. The passengers were carried to land in open boats, and when morning dawned and they could see about them they found they were on an island which was inhabited only by penguins. They dined on penguin eggs for four days, when they were rescued and taken to Cape Town. The day after the wreck a packet wrapped in chamois skin was washed ashore and picked up by one of the sailors. It proved to be Alexander Duff's Bible and Psalm book. Out of his library of eight hundred volumes, but forty were rescued and most of these were reduced to pulp. All his journals, notes and essays were lost. It was rather discouraging for a man starting out to found a college, was it not?

"After some time spent in Cape Town they secured passage on the 'Moirá' and it was the end of May, 1830, before they got sight of India.

"In the estuary of the Hoogly River a cyclone struck the ship, wrecking it, and the passengers were landed in mud and water up to their waists.

For twenty-four hours they took refuge in a heathen temple. Later on small boats came and took them to Calcutta, where the Duffs were entertained by a Scottish chaplain. This time their baggage was saved, and after eight months on the way they were glad to be at the end of their journey.

“The governor general, Lord William Bentinck, met them with a most kindly welcome and entered into Duff’s plans with enthusiasm.

“When the Calcutta newspapers told the story of the shipwreck, the natives remarked, ‘Surely this man is a favorite of the gods, who must have some great work for him to do in India.’

Duff’s Plans and Opposition

“Duff landed in India with the firm opinion that education should be first of all thoroughly biblical, and that the English tongue should be used for instruction in Western science. Up to this time the Christian people in India had felt that dialects and Sanskrit should be used for this, and did not bother much about teaching the Bible with other education. But when a Scotchman believes a thing you may depend on it something is going to be done.

“At once Duff took up the study of Bengali, so he could understand and teach the people. He visited all the missions within easy reach of Calcutta, looking into their way of doing mission work. This trip decided him to establish his school in Calcutta for,

said he, 'Calcutta is the brain of India,' and he also decided that he must work out a plan different from any yet used in the country. He felt that teaching Bible and English hand in hand would break down superstition and caste as nothing else could do. When they once learned English they would read English books of medicine, religion, etc., and see the folly of the superstition that had kept them in ignorance for ages. As he talked his plans to the missionaries and other Christians he met only opposition. One of his friends came to beg him to give up his plan, saying he had hoped his coming to India would be a blessing, but with such plans it would be a curse.

"Duff left Carey until the last. Tall, handsome, with flashing eye and the ruddy glow of Scotland still upon his cheeks, he walked up the steps of Carey's Serampore home, and as he entered, a little yellow old man in white jacket tottered to meet him, and with outstretched hand solemnly blessed him. To him he unfolded his plans. They talked long, and when Duff left he had the approval of the one whose opinion was best worth having.

An Indian Helper

"One of the wonderful things to me is the way God worked in his life. While he was getting Duff ready in Scotland he was also getting ready a man

in India to brush aside obstacles for Duff when he would come.

“Ramohun Roy, an educated Hindu, had grown disgusted with idolatry and wanted to turn the India people from idol worship to belief in the one true and eternal God. He had learned about Christ, although he had not accepted him as Savior, but taught that he was a great Teacher. He formed a society, got many followers, and had a hired hall where they worshiped. He stirred up the people, and many of the leaders who believed in idols opposed him bitterly. The missionaries, too, made the mistake of fighting him, instead of making him their ally against idolatry. When they had once won his friendship they might have won him to Christ.

“Duff came, met him, became his friend, and he, too, said to Duff that the Bible and English were the weapons to use against idolatry. He said the Bible was unequalled as a Book of moral instruction. He had studied the sacred books of the Brahmins, the Moslems and the Buddhists, but had never found in them anything to compare with the Lord's Prayer, and he felt that Duff should by all means use this prayer in his school.

“He helped Duff get his first pupils, loaned him his hall, and came on the opening day, July 12, 1830, to explain difficulties and help remove any prejudice

against reading the Bible. Duff started out by repeating the Lord's Prayer in Bengali, and then asked one of the older pupils to read from the Gospel printed in Bengali. The pupils said, 'We are Hindus, and how can we read the Christian Scriptures?'

"Ramohun Roy said, 'Christians have studied the Hindu scriptures and not become Hindus. I read the Koran, and I am not a Moslem. I have studied the whole Bible, and you know I am not a Christian. Read and judge for yourselves.' This satisfied them and they read. For a month he came daily for the ten o'clock Bible class, and when he was sent to England on some work his eldest son came to help Duff and encourage the pupils.

"Duff's school became famous and was attended by natives from nearly every caste. The pupils did so well in the exercises given at the end of the first year that opposers marveled at their knowledge of English and the Bible.

"Boys would beg of him on the street to take them into his school and teach them English. They would say, 'Me poor boy; oh, take me!' 'Me good boy, take me'; some, 'Me know your commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," please take me.'

"It became necessary to station men at the door to keep out those who were not prepared to enter,

so great was the desire to get in Duff's school. Duff moved into a house in the native part of the city near his school, which was something other European Christians had never done. He could scarcely find a house, so took one that they thought was haunted.

Duff Invited to a Ball

"At one time there was to be a ball at the Government House in honor of some national event, and Duff and his wife were invited. Now in India a woman who dances is considered a bad woman, and Duff knew that it would lessen his good influence among the people if he went. He asked the bishop of Calcutta about it. The bishop said, 'I go when invited, bow to the governor general and lady, and then leave.' This was not Duff's way. He said it was too much like compromising, so he sent a note, telling why he could not come. The governor general wrote back, commending him for being true to his principles, and later on invited him to a private dinner where they had a good visit. This was a higher honor still paid to Duff.

Duff's Efforts for Indian Schools

"The Duff College commencement became the great yearly event in Calcutta. Visitors came from afar to investigate and carry back to their work Duff's methods.

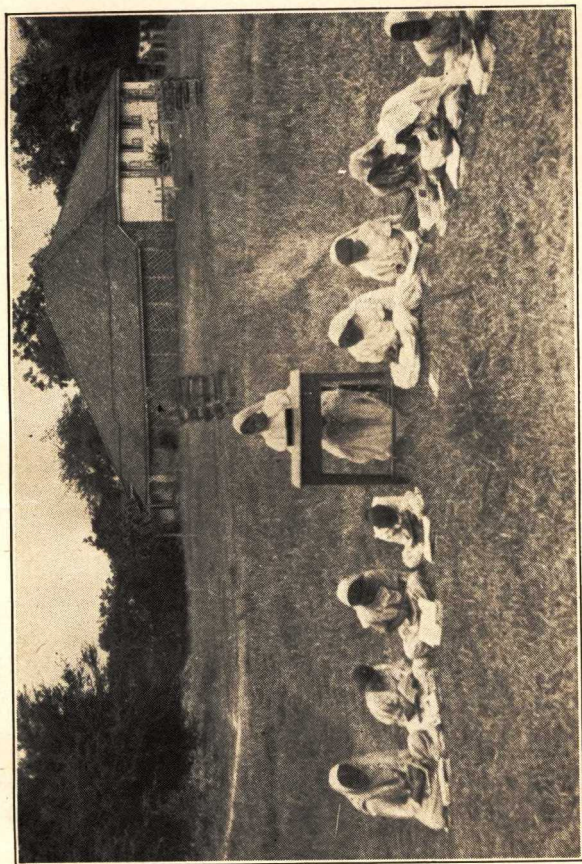
"Over in Bombay another Church of Scotland

missionary, John Wilson, established the Wilson College, where the Bible was used daily, while a little later Anderson founded in Madras the third Christian college along the same lines. Thus these Scotchmen of great intellect and deep piety made the Free Church of Scotland the leading educational mission of India.

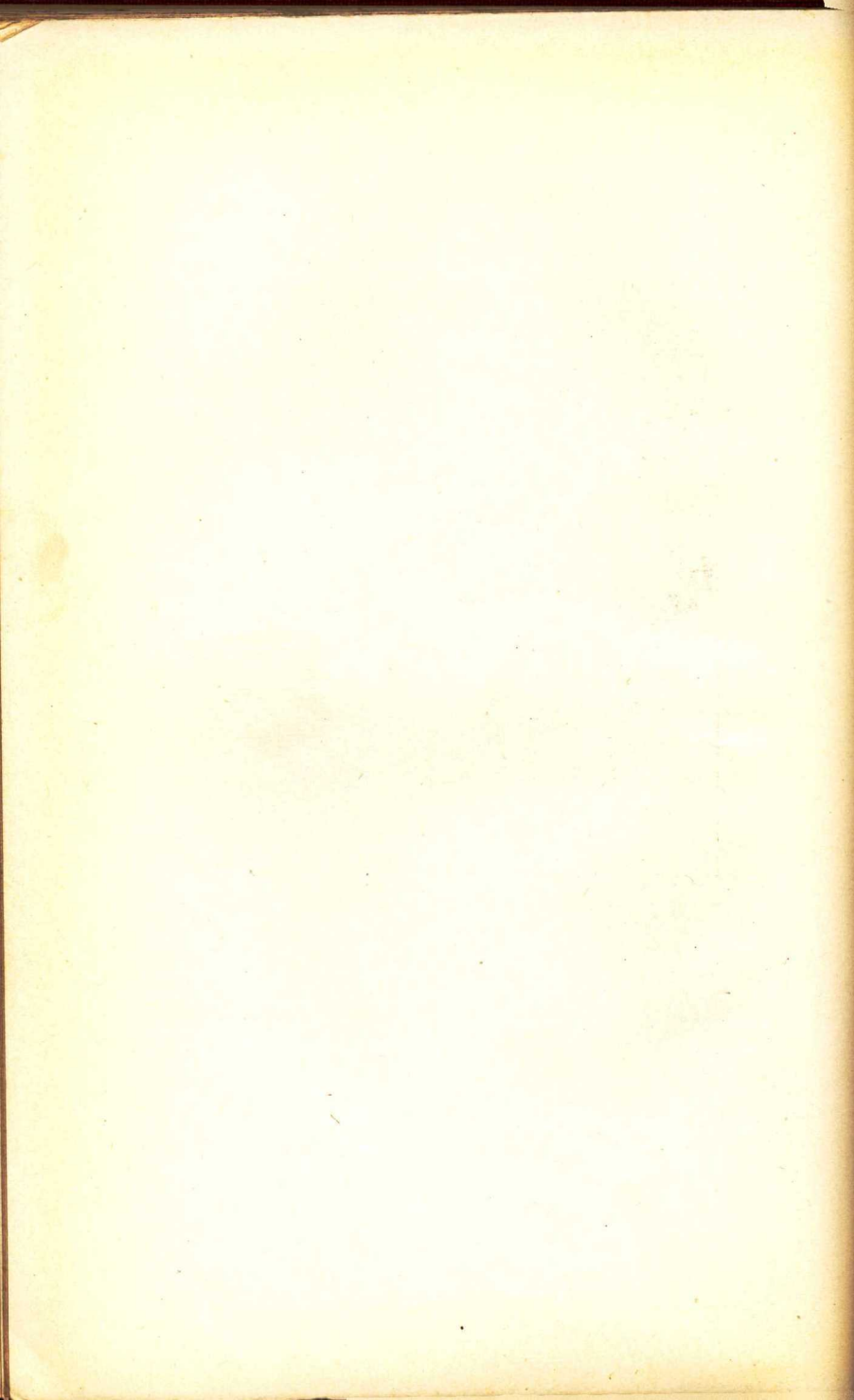
"Of course they met opposition from the Hindus, but young men from the first families in Hindu society came out boldly for Christ in the face of bitter persecution and became great leaders in the Christian church. There was never a time, before nor after Duff and Wilson's ministrations, when the high-caste people have been so stirred.

"Duff did more than any other man to get the India school system on a good basis, and made a place forever for mission schools in India. He wanted the Bible taught in every school, but the government would not grant all he wanted, though it did consent to put a copy of the Bible in the English schools.

"The mission schools today are the hope of the Christian church. Each station establishes as many schools as they can afford to keep up and can find teachers for, and on Sunday the little mission school becomes a Bible school. Boys in India who have any thirst for knowledge want English, and beg the missionaries to teach them this language.



Bulsar Boarding School Girls at Study



He Goes to Scotland

"A home and new college building were constructed by Duff, and at various times he made trips to Scotland, stirring the people on missions as few others could do. On his third trip he came to America, and at one of his addresses in New York the people were melted to tears and then sprang to their feet in wildest excitement until the reporters laid down their pens. It was useless to try to report.

"Later on he was called to go to Edinburgh to take charge of the General Assembly, but he did not go until ill health made it necessary. Before he left his people in Calcutta he said, 'Wherever I wander, wherever I roam, my heart is still in India.'

"He was the father of missions in his church, and was a greater power in India than any other missionary or statesman. Duff's work goes on and on, and as long as India exists his influence will be felt for good.

"The Scottish lad of the blueberry patch, when old and gray received, on Feb. 12, 1878, another call, and the chariot this time carried him along to even fairer scenes than his beloved Grampian Hills.

"No. 1. Tell why it is difficult for many of the low caste to get an education.

"No. 2. Who was the great educational missionary of India?

"No. 3. Tell something of his home and boyhood days.

"No. 4. By whom was he sent out to India?

"No. 5. Tell about the voyage.

"No. 6. Who was his Bengali helper?

"No. 7. What can you say of his visit to Carey?

"No. 8. The success of his college, tell about it.

"No. 9. Where did he spend his last years? and why there? "

When they had answered the questions Jack took a long breath and said, "Wasn't he great! I don't wonder, uncle, that you like Duff so well."

"He will be another one we shall want to see in heaven," breathed Ruth, with sparkling eyes.

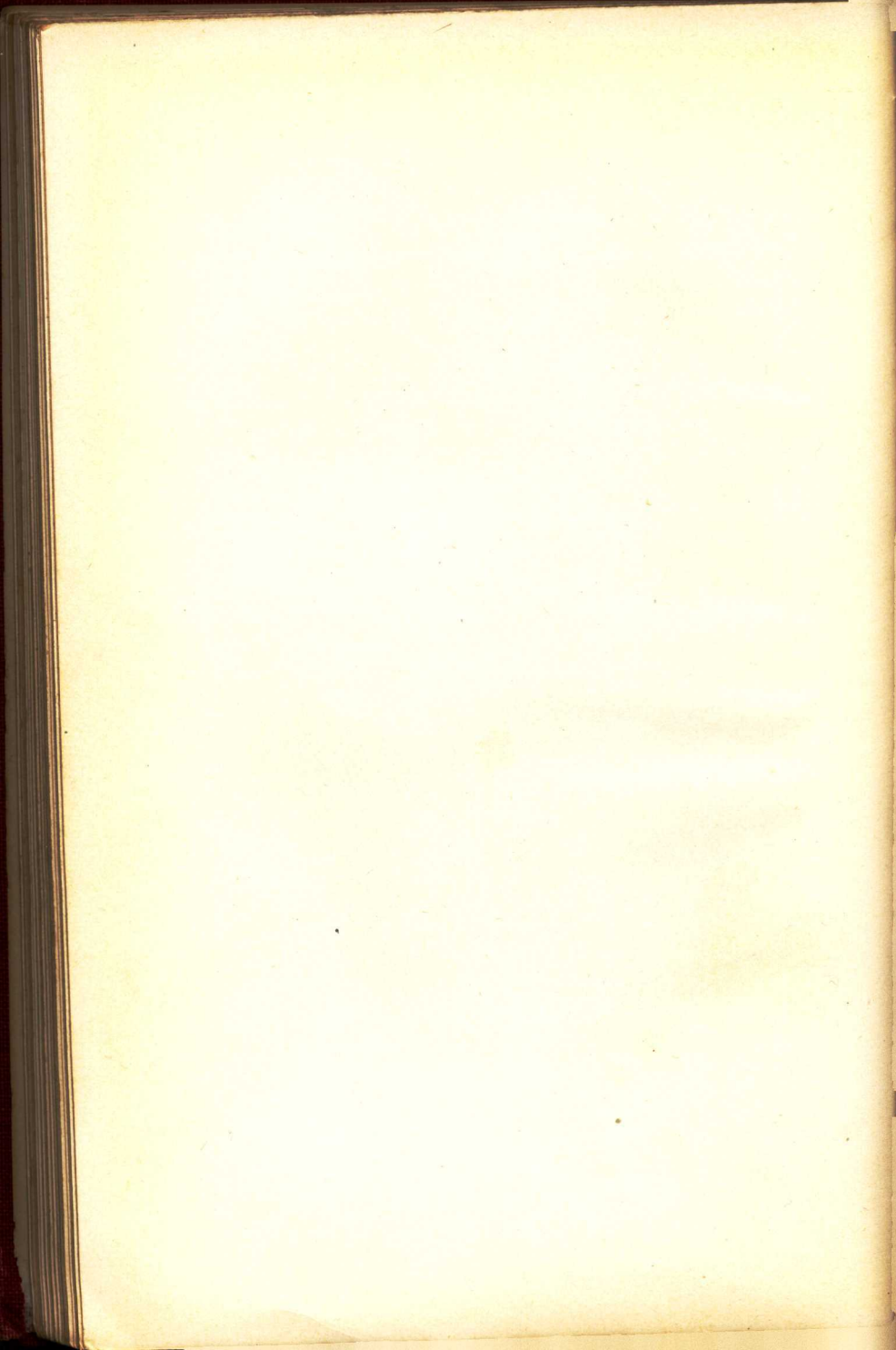
"I wonder if the Lord will have any big things for us to do?" wistfully asked Rob, looking up into Uncle John's face.

"Get ready for them, and there will be things waiting to be done," answered their uncle.

"Getting to bed in good time, so you will be in good shape for school work tomorrow, is one way to begin getting ready, so hurry off to bed," and Uncle John bade them all good night.



A School and Schoolhouse in the Jungle



CHAPTER V

The Need of Lady Doctors, and First Lady Physician to the Orient

Ruth sat on the arm of her uncle's chair, combing his thick, wavy hair for pastime. She had finished the preparation of her lessons for next day and was waiting for the boys to finish theirs. She dearly loved to be combing some one, and spent many moments in the evenings, putting her father into a doze by combing and brushing his hair.

Whenever Uncle John was there in the evenings he got his share of brushing, as well as father. When she had his hair arranged to her satisfaction she leaned over, pressing her soft cheek against his, and both sat silently watching the fire.

"Tell me something about the girls of India until the boys are ready," she begged.

Uncle rubbed his cheek against hers as he hugged her close, saying,

"O Ruth, there are no girls of your age in India—that is, except in Christian homes, mission schools, and perhaps a few in some of the more liberal Hindu homes where the father has broken away from caste.

"Just think of it! There are 2,273,245 children

under ten years of age who are wives, and 27,000,000 girls and women who are widows.

"One of the beautiful sights to returned missionaries, after years in India, is the great number of rosy-cheeked, happy, romping girls. Before the Indian girl leaves childhood she is a married woman, often kicked and beaten and abused unmercifully. Some have fairly good treatment, but more have not.

"I saw a neighbor of about your age kicked out of the door by a big, burly man—her husband—and as she came tumbling out he followed her with kicks and beat her on head and back and shoulder, until I thought she would be killed outright.

"The missionary home was just across the narrow street. Hearing her screams the missionary came to the door, and seeing what had happened called out for the man to stop. He did not heed. I never saw that missionary so aroused as he said, 'You will stop beating that woman, or I will come over and see that you do.'

"The brute felt that it was time to stop, so he went back into the house, leaving the poor little wife groaning outside. In the evening she came over for ointment for her bruises, that had been seeping blood in spots as big as my hand on her back and shoulders.

"We asked the sepoy, or police, to look after the

man for beating his wife, but his reply was a shrug of his shoulders, with the words, 'She is his. What can I do?'

"Back of our house lived another family, and often I would hear blows and screams, and afterwards see a little girl wife come crawling out on the back veranda, too weak to stand because of blows received.

"We were helpless. All we can do is to help them to become Christians, which is the only hope for the Oriental woman.

"Ah, Ruth, you can thank the dear Father in heaven that you were born in a Christian home, in a Christian land.

The Purdah Women

"In India caste and custom keep 40,000,000 women in seclusion. Long ago they did not have this custom, and Hindu scholars say it was started when the Mohammedans overran the country and began picking out the fairest women for themselves. To prevent this the Hindus began to shut their wives and daughters away from the public. A great Brahmin, who was greatly revered by them, claimed to have a new revelation approving of keeping the women shut up. It was written into a later sacred book and became a caste rule.

"Daughters of laborers, coolies, poor farmers, etc., are not much affected by it. They go about

freely, but the high-caste women are much affected by the law. The 'purdah women'—"

By this time Rob and Jack were ready to listen.

"Go on, Uncle John," they said, "we would like to know about this, too. Why are they called 'purdah women'?"

"Purdah means a curtain. Instead of doors, curtains are hung at many of the apartments a few inches from the top of a doorway to permit a free ventilation, and these women stay behind curtains—hence called purdah women.

"Many of them spend their whole lives shut in a small court and a few small rooms. If they do go out on the street they must go closely veiled, or in a carriage all shut up so no one can see them. In Bombay on the streets one sees many of these closed vehicles. It is some pleasure to them to ride out, for they can see through shutters or holes in the curtains some of the sights as they pass along.

"In our town lived a small storekeeper. He had once been wealthy, but lost his money. He had two wives and a son and daughter. The son often came to one of our Sunday-schools, but the younger wife and daughter were kept shut in. The house was a poor affair, with two rooms, besides the little shop. The elder wife was allowed to go on the street, because it was necessary in their poverty to have her help. She was ugly but kind. I suppose because she

was not beautiful her husband did not fear to let her out. He sent for the missionary's wife to come to see his daughter, who was sick. She was met by the younger woman, the girl's mother, and most kindly welcomed. It was so dark and gloomy inside that it took some time to see objects in the room distinctly. When she grew accustomed to the dim light, and met the daughter, she found her to be a very beautiful girl, slender, fair and with beautiful dark eyes. She was dying for want of fresh air and sunlight. She told the father that the girl needed to be out of doors, but he said, 'How can she? I am poor; I have no garden or walled courtyard. Our women do not go out on the streets as you do.' And he kept her in until she did die—a victim of the purdah.

"However sick a purdah woman may be, no doctor dare look upon her face unless she be a doctor lady.

"A missionary tells about a rich man wanting a doctor to prescribe for his wife, who was very ill. The doctor said he must see her first. The husband replied that she should die rather than let him look upon her face. Then the missionary thought of a way to help, so he suggested that a curtain be put up in front of the couch on which the sick woman lay, with a hole cut in the curtain through which she could stick her tongue and then her arm, so the pulse could be counted. This was done, medicine

was given and in time she recovered, much to the delight of her husband.

"But there are so many cases where these poor, beautiful women of the purdah must suffer and die for lack of medicine, which could be procured were it not for this iron-bound rule of caste. Since the rule is so strict we can help them only by sending lady doctors.

"Duff recognized the need of female physicians when he, nearly one hundred years ago, said: 'A female missionary, who knew something of medical science, would readily find access into the secluded homes of the high-caste Hindus. Would to God that we had such an agency ready.'

"Others saw the need and began to write to America about it. Mrs. Thomas, a missionary of the Methodist Church, had long felt the need of medical aid for the women and children of India, and had been doing what she could to aid the sick about her. She was instructing a class of girls in physiology and hygiene, with the hope that sometime they might have regular medical training. She talked with influential men of the city—both Hindu and English—and got their approval. One native gentleman was so taken with the idea that he offered to defray all the expenses of a medical school or class if a lady physician would be sent out. She forwarded an appeal home, and America responded

by sending out the first lady physician to the Orient.

"This little doctor woman opened the first hospital for women that has ever been erected in heathen lands. Her success in disarming suspicion, opening zenanas and training native girls in medicine, was so great that women physicians were soon sent to every land.

"Today India has 159 lady doctors, and 183 Christian hospitals. Besides this there are 376 medical dispensaries under mission control."

"Oh, tell about her!" begged Ruth.

Dr. Clara Swain, the Orient's First Lady Physician

"Clara, the youngest of John and Clarissa (Seavey) Swain's ten children, was born in Elmira, New York. Her mother was a frail little woman of Puritan ancestry, while the father was of Irish descent, and Clara was a combination of Irish humor and New England conscientiousness and earnestness of purpose.

"She, being the youngest and frail, like her mother, received too much attention, she says.

"‘A puny little thing, wanting everything I saw, and thinking I should have it,’ is the way she describes herself as a child. But one of her cousins says, ‘Clara was a very pleasant child, always eager to help some one.’

"When two years of age her parents moved to Castile, New York. She spent much time out of

doors and loved flowers and cats and dogs. One time she found a lame chicken, wrapped it in her apron, carried it to the house, bandaged its leg neatly and cared for it until it was able to run about and get feed for itself.

School Days

"She attended a school in a little red country schoolhouse. Later on she taught school in Michigan. She attended a seminary in a New York town, and after leaving this she accepted a position as primary teacher in the public schools of the same town, which position she filled for a number of years. She was a conscientious teacher, but loved nursing better and had long cherished a desire to study medicine.

"She gladly accepted a position offered her in the sanitarium in Castile, New York, and after three years here she entered the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, graduating in 1869.

Her Call to India

"When Mrs. Thomas' call came for a lady doctor, and the medical college was asked for a woman who could fill the position they recommended Dr. Clara.

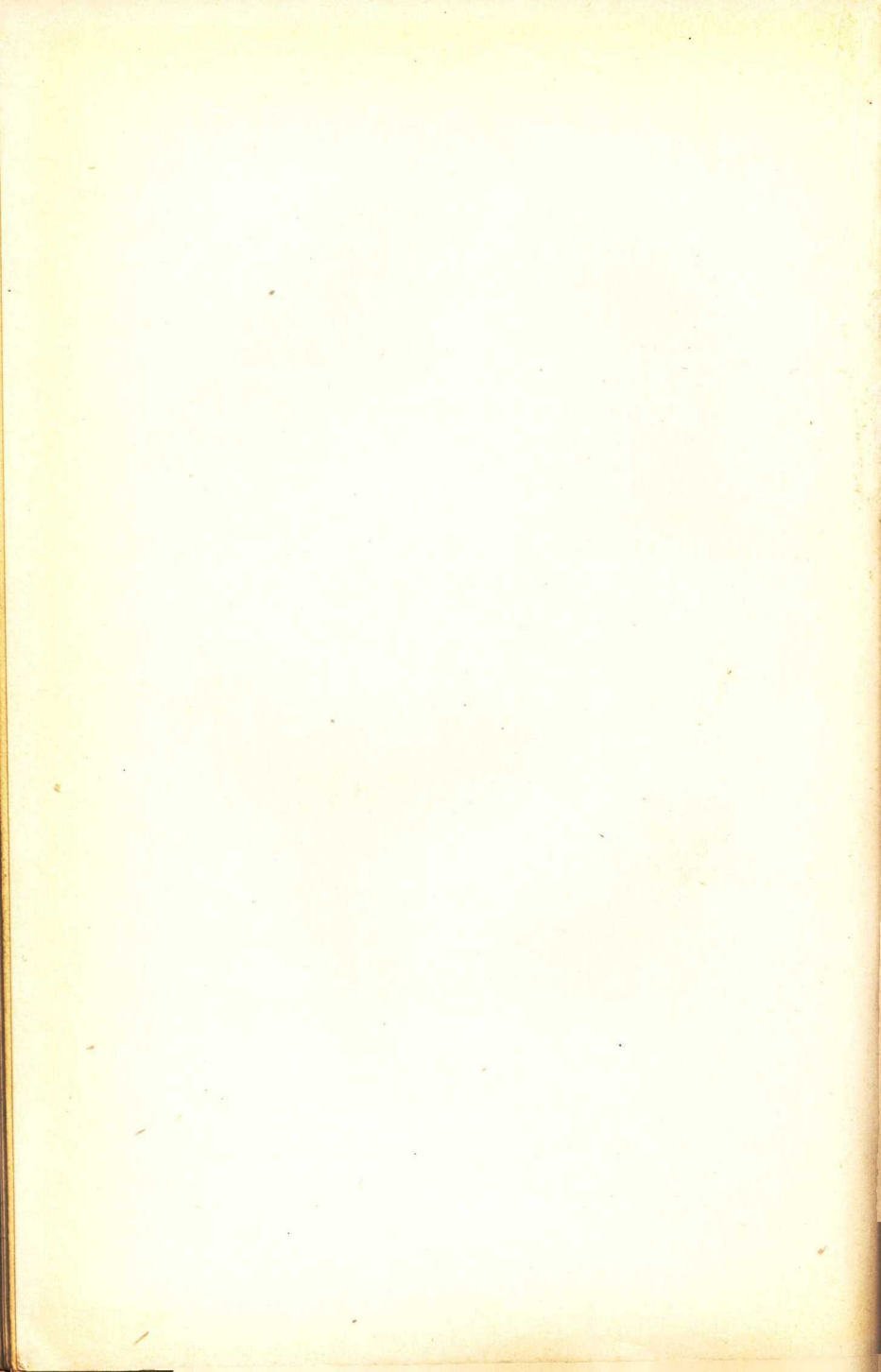
"Friends tried to persuade her not to go, but she would always reply, 'It is God's call. I must go.'

"November 3, 1869, she and Isabella Thoburn set sail from New York, and June 20, 1870, they arrived at Bareilly, where Dr. Swain began work next day.



Clara A. Swain, M. D.

"It is God's call, I must go"



“Dr. Clara’s first class in medicine was the class of girls Mrs. Thomas had been getting ready—thirteen of them graduating in 1873. During her first year she treated thirteen hundred patients.

“The erection of hospitals which she brought about has something of the romantic connected with its beginning. We shall quote Dr. Swain’s own words:

“‘A party of us visited his highness, the nawab of Rampore, who owned the property that we desired, but had little hope of securing. The nawab, when he heard we were coming, sent out twenty-four horses for us, so that at each of the six stages we had four fresh ones, and drove in sumptuous carriages with coachmen, two grooms and an outrider. Towards the last we had three cavalymen to escort us into the city of Rampore.

“‘Just outside the city was a house which he kept for the entertainment of European visitors and travelers, and here servants stood at attention and everything was on magnificent scale for our entertainment. After a rest our breakfast, which consisted of twenty-four different dishes, was set before us. After breakfast we all knelt in prayer, asking our Father to help us.

“‘The first evening the nawab sent two pairs of horses and two carriages to take us about the city,

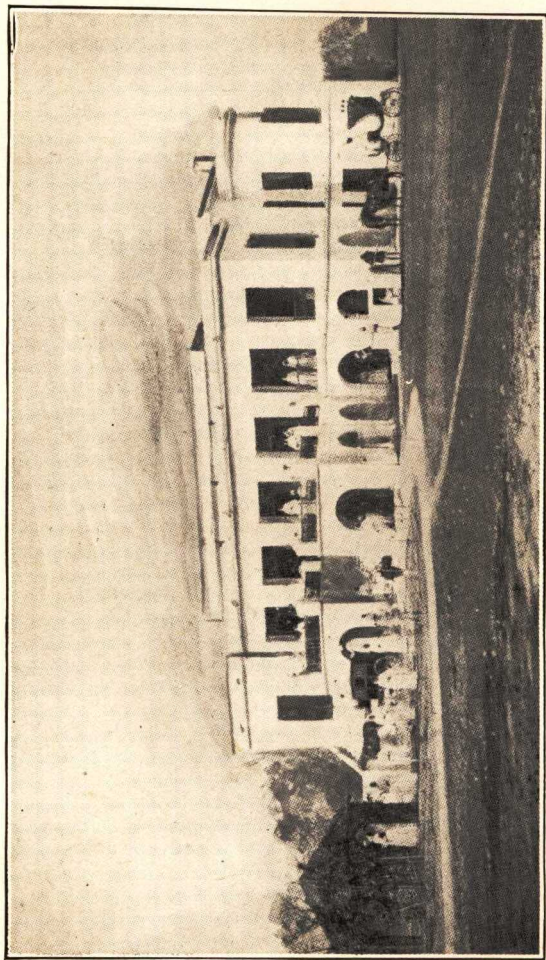
but said he could not see us that evening, as he was especially engaged with his prayers.

“‘The next morning carriages were sent for us and we went for our interview, to see if we might possibly purchase the land we wanted. As we drove through the gardens, five royal elephants made their salaams to us, lifting their trunks and touching their foreheads in a very graceful manner.

“‘With fear and trembling we went into the nawab’s presence. He arose and greeted us in a very friendly manner. He was so cordial that we forgot our embarrassment, and while we talked he smoked his hookah. When the object of our mission was reached and we asked if the site might be procured at a price, for the hospital, we had scarcely proceeded when his highness smiled graciously and said, “Take it, take it; I give it to you for that purpose.” We were breathless. In one word he had given us an estate worth \$15,000. We did take it with thankful hearts, not only to the prince of Rampore, but to the King of the universe.’

The Hospital Is Made Ready

“The mansion on the forty-acre tract was used for a single lady missionary’s home and a hospital was built near. The dispensary was kept open every morning, where as many as sixty patients would be treated in the morning hours. Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians flocked to the hospital for treat-



The Bareilly Hospital. Gift of the Nawab of Rampore

ment. Zenana homes were visited, and everywhere the shut-in women welcomed the little doctor. She could go where no other missionary dared tread. Some of the women patients in the hospital learned to read, and all listened to the reading of the Scriptures gladly. One Bengali woman begged to come awhile each year, even if not sick, for she loved to be in the garden and in the bungalow, saying, 'I love the trees and flowers and pretty green fields.'

Returns Home

"Like most mission doctors, she was so overworked that it became necessary to take a rest, and in 1876 she returned to America. In 1879 she went back to Bareilly, and with gladness took up her old work.

Becomes Doctor to the King and Queen of Ketri

"In 1885 Dr. Swain received a call from the rajah of Ketri, in the province of Jeypore, in Rajputana. She went to the palace and professionally treated the rani (queen), and was asked to remain to become physician to the palace.

"The queen, becoming interested in her work, erected a dispensary for women and children in the city, on condition that Dr. Swain would remain, which she did, placing the Bareilly hospital in the hands of other women physicians who had come from America in the meantime.

"During her stay at the palace she and her friends

received royal hospitalities, of gorgeous splendor. Not many can have a retinue of elephants and camels placed at their disposal to convey guests and baggage from railway to palace whenever they come to visit.

"The Rajputs are a proud people, and would not tolerate the preaching of a missionary on their streets, but Dr. Swain was given much liberty and many privileges. She taught Christian hymns, which were sung in the palace, and distributed Christian books and parts of the Bible and conducted a school for girls. She felt great satisfaction in her later years in the fact that young women, in whom she had taken special interest, should be at the head of hospitals which English surgeons declare to be among the best conducted in India.

"In 1888 she returned to America, but again went back to Ketri. She took special care of the baby princess, and this gave her a close association with the queen, with whom she read the Bible daily. In 1893 the young prince and heir was born, which caused much rejoicing, and to show their thanks the king and queen made a special donation to Christian work.

"In 1895 Dr. Swain left for home, and expected this to be her last trip, but when the Methodist Jubilee was to be in India she said she was going. Her friends, fearing she would not live to return, begged

her not to go, but with a large company of missionaries she sailed from New York in November, 1906. She spent eighteen months among old friends and old scenes in India, rejoicing in the wonderful growth of the work.

"The king and queen of Ketri had died, but she visited the young prince and his sisters, who told her of their mother's last illness and love for her Bible to the last.

"The prince begged her to stay and live in the palace with them and be their mother. He went with her to Bombay when she was about to leave India, and no one sorrowed more at her going than the prince of Ketri.

"A beautiful, white-haired little lady she was on this last visit—so unassuming, gentle and kind to everyone. I dined at the same table with her for several weeks and it was a pleasure to know her.

"She had given twenty-seven years of her life to India, but the value of those years cannot be measured. They have meant so much to the suffering women and children of India.

"She returned home in April, 1908. Her last year was spent in much weakness, and when confined to her bed she kept her Testament and Psalms near her and enjoyed daily Bible reading with her close friends. She was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of Castile, December 28, 1910, ending the earth-

ly days of a beautiful life that had done a beautiful work for humanity.

"No. 1. What can you say about girlhood in India?

"No. 2. Tell something of Purdah women.

"No. 3. Why does India need lady doctors?

"No. 4. Who was the first lady doctor sent to heathen lands?

"No. 5. Tell something of her childhood.

"No. 6. When did she reach India?

"No. 7. Where was her first hospital opened?

"No. 8. Tell about securing the hospital property.

"No. 9. What about her life at Ketri?

"No. 10. Her last visit to India?"

"Do they need more doctors and nurses yet, uncle?" asked Ruth. "And would there be a place for me there, say in twelve years or so?"

"Yes, indeed, girlie, they need more and still more, and there will be plenty of work among the women for years to come."

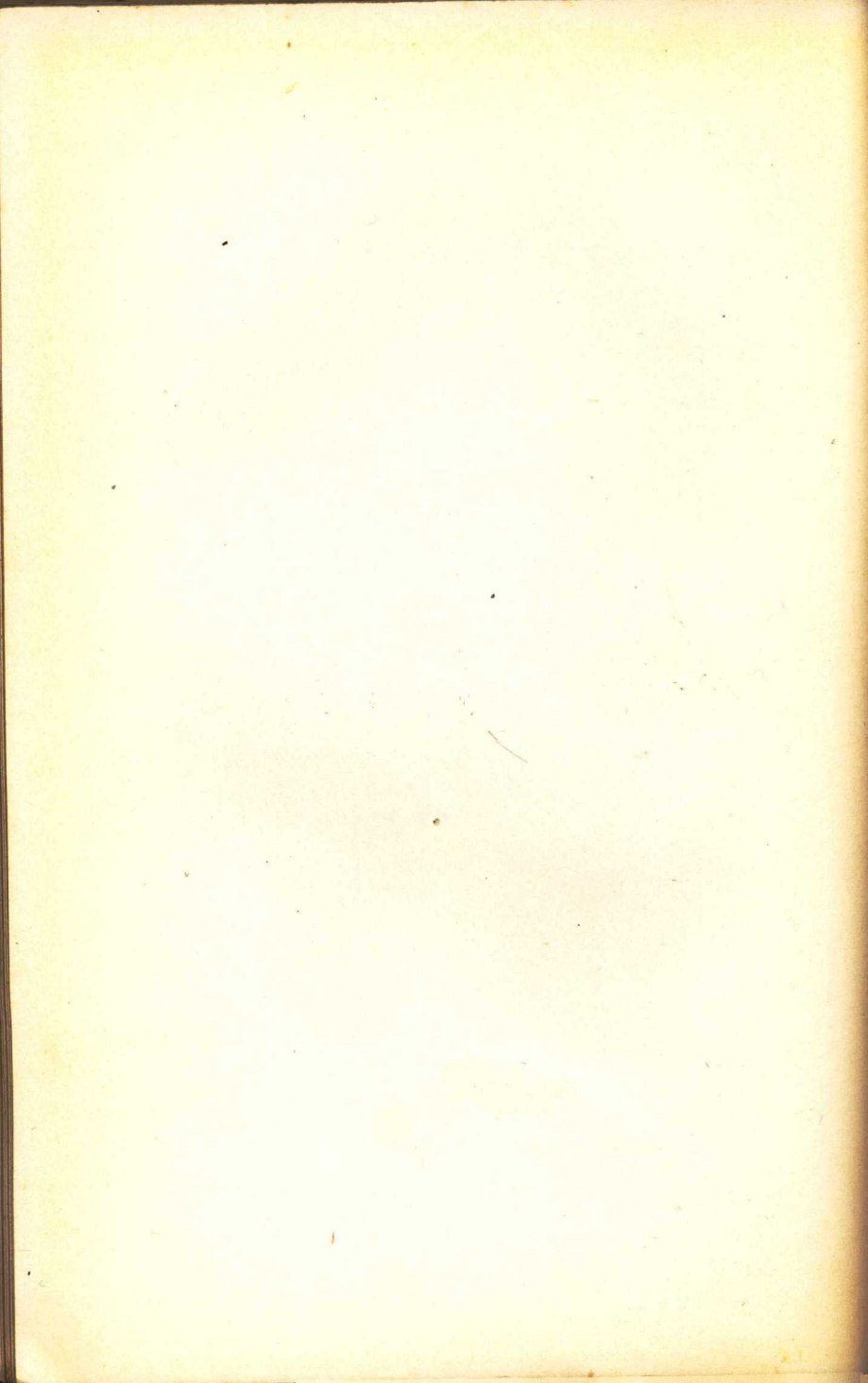
"Guess women have about as big a place there as men, I should judge from your talk tonight," said Jack.

"Wouldn't that be great to see those elephants and things?" said Rob. "There will be elephants there too, Ruth."

"It's bedtime, so here I go," and the impulsive boys bade good night all around and retired.



The Khetri Heir Who Begged Dr. Swain to Stay in the Palace
and Be a Mother to Himself and the Young Princesses,
His Sisters



CHAPTER VI

Uncle John Tells About the Lepers

"Uncle John, we have not had our talk for a long time now, for you are kept so busy elsewhere. I am afraid it will be time for you to return before we learn one half of what we want to know about India," said Jack one evening when they had uncle to themselves again, after his absence on a lecture tour for six weeks or more.

"Time is flying fast, isn't it, children? We must talk about what you want to know most; then if we do not get to all of it perhaps I can write back to you the things I did not get to tell. I believe it is Robert's turn this evening to say what he wants to hear about most. Go ahead, Rob."

"Did you ever see any lepers? What good can the missionaries do them I would like to know."

"Did I ever see any lepers, boy? Yes, indeed, hundreds of them. They used to come to our gate to beg. You see there are so many beggars that most of our mission stations have beggars' hours, and those are on Sunday.

"At our station they came just before our noon meal, and after the morning service in the bungalow, when the catechist and missionaries were there to

tell them about Christ. Old women bent double, old men with canes, children half-starved and several lepers from a near-by village, and all must wait until they heard the gospel story before they were given any grain or coin, as the case might be.

"They would not accept the best of our own meal if offered them. They thought it would defile them to eat food cooked by us, so usually all they would take would be grain or money or clothing. This is another disadvantage of the iron-bound rule of caste—to the beggars at least.

"One leper had a wife and several children, so we told him of a nice place for people with his disease, where he would be clothed, fed and cared for in every way. 'Come again prepared to go,' we said, 'and we will take you to the leper home.' But he never came after that for fear he would be taken. He moved his family into some remote village, it is supposed, and quite probably they will contract the disease and become lepers, too.

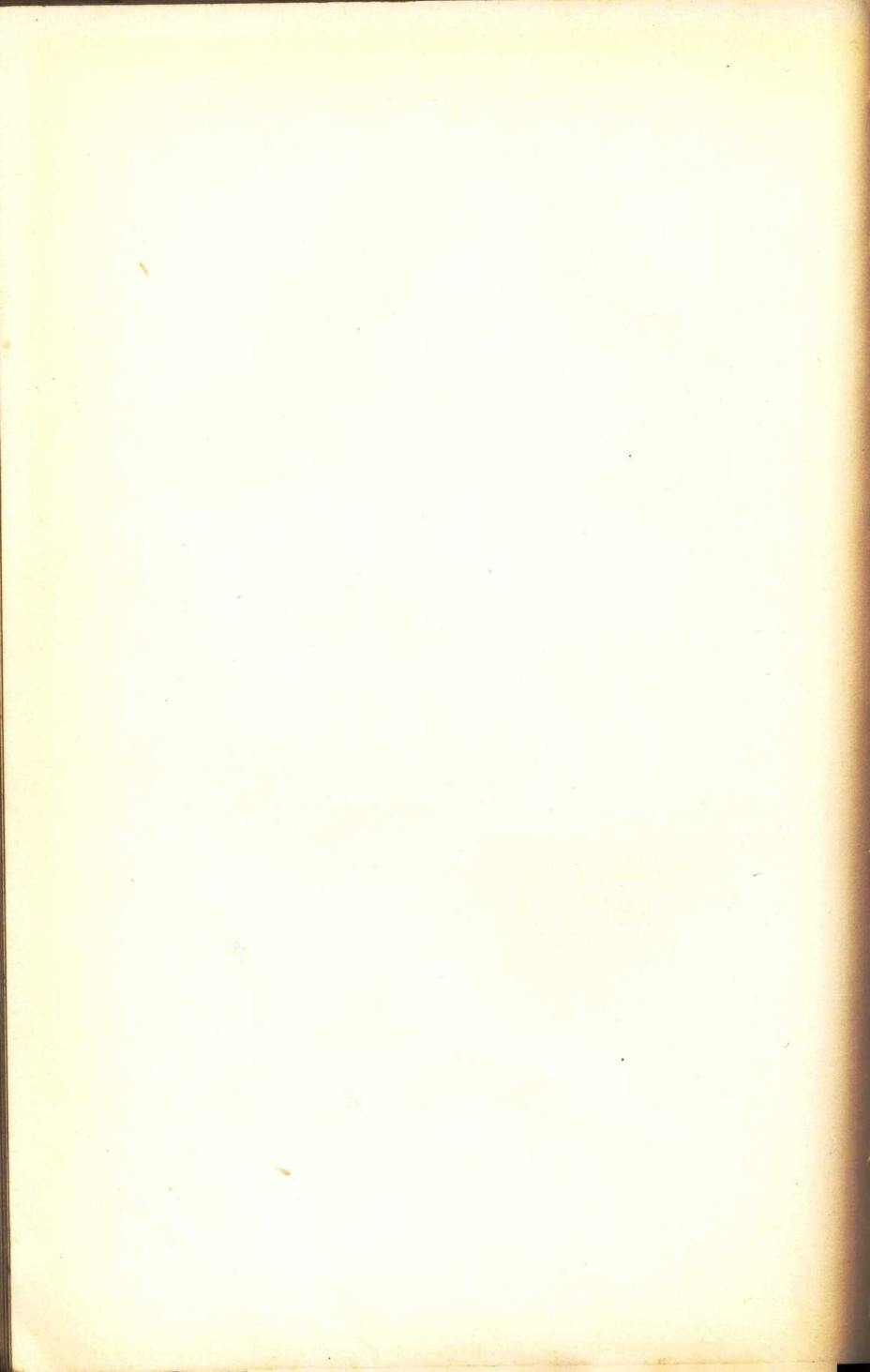
"From the 'Baracha Home,' where we used to stop when in Bombay, we would cross a long overhead bridge across the railway. Usually there were from two to a dozen lepers at different stages of the disease, sitting at the end of the bridge, begging of the passers-by. Their mournful cry and deplorable condition was enough to bring pity to the hardest hearted. There they were, some with noses



A Beggar in India



A Very Bad Case of Leprosy



nearly eaten off, some with ears partly gone, with fingers off, or with only the stub of the wrist, while others would have perhaps a stub of a foot or arm to hold out, and all crying for aid.

“As in the time of Naaman, so now, God alone can cure leprosy. All that can be done for these most unfortunate people is to provide asylums for them, where they can have medicine applied to ease their pain and receive clothing and shelter with food for the body and for the soul.

“Leprosy is the most ancient disease recorded in history. Mention of it is made in an Egyptian papyrus dated over six thousand years ago. It abounds in the Orient, but every country has some of it. There are said to be about two million lepers in the world, and of that number the largest proportion are in India.

“Victor Heiser, a doctor in the Philippines, has experimented with Chalmugra oil, and it seems to do more good than anything yet used.

“India’s government has made a grant, providing funds to give medical treatment to all patients now residing in leper hospitals in India.

“In the United States two State homes have been established for lepers—one fifty-seven miles north of New Orleans, where there are 105 patients, and one on Penikese Island, Massachusetts. Molokai

is the oldest leper colony under the Stars and Stripes.

*"The Mission to Lepers is international and interdenominational. Care must be taken by those who have charge of these places, for the disease, while not contagious, is infectious, and if one has an open sore on his hand it might be dangerous to care for a leprous wound."

"But, uncle, do Americans really go into such places and care for those people?" asked Ruth in wonder.

"Yes, Ruth. I met a fine little American lady who was doing splendid work in a leper asylum. She said she tried to be very careful, yet was not at all afraid.

"The Mennonite Mission has a leper asylum in the Central Provinces, and is doing much to alleviate the suffering of many lepers.

"But there is one woman up in North India who has given her life to this work and I must tell you about her.

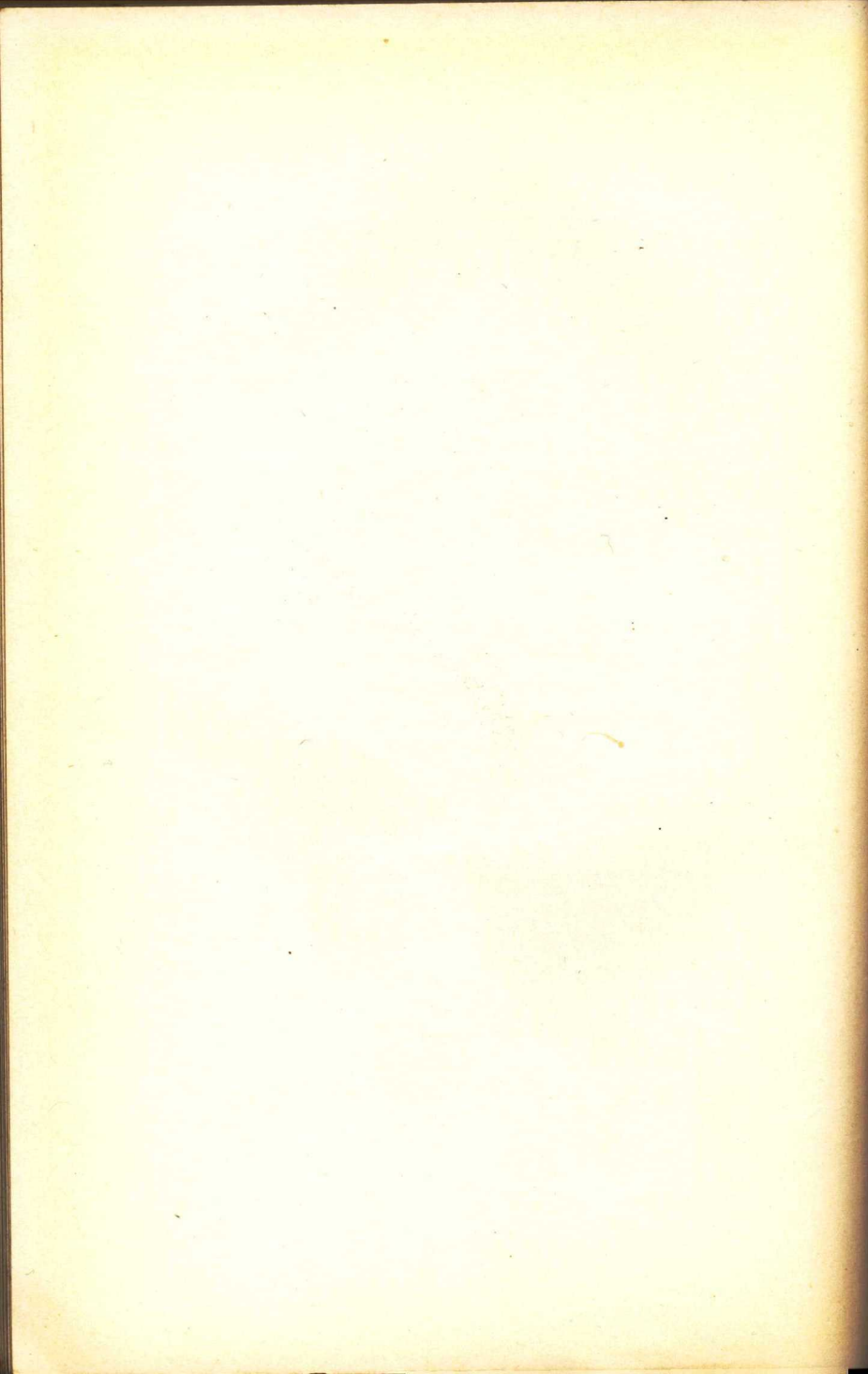
Mary Reed, Missionary to Lepers

"Mary Reed was born in Lowell, Ohio, where she was cared for by kind parents and surrounded by love and happiness. Her life was that of the ordinary child, filled with hours of study and many of pleasure as she played with brothers, sisters and

* Write to Mr. W. M. Danner, American Secretary to the Lepers, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, for literature and other information on this subject.



How the Chaulmugra Oil Treatment Helps the Lepers



schoolmates. She loved her books and became a public school-teacher, which profession she followed for ten years.

“At sixteen she had given her heart to her Savior, and her true Christian spirit and lovable disposition was an inspiration to her pupils.

Her Call to India

“She had been reading about the poor zenana women of India, and felt a calling to go to them, but at first she considered herself too unworthy and weak for this. At last she could resist no longer, and offered herself to the Women’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. They gladly accepted her, and she reached India in 1884. She was stationed at Cawnpore for work, when her health gave way, and she was sent for a rest up to Pithoragarh, in the Himalayas. Little did she think as she rested and studied for her work down at Cawnpore that in a few years this would be her field of work.

“While here her pity was aroused for the lepers. Within a small radius of her rest home some five hundred lepers were to be found in a condition of utter misery.

“As soon as health permitted she returned to her Cawnpore work, where she earnestly labored for four years. After this she was sent to another station as teacher in a girls’ boarding school. Again ill

health compelled her to give up work, and in 1890 she returned to America.

Her Cross

"While in Cincinnati, in the hospital where she had undergone an operation, the physicians were much puzzled over a tingling pain that Miss Reed complained of in her forefinger of the right hand, and later a strange spot on one cheek. One day while she was tapping the bed covers with this finger to gain relief, she said that something seemed to say to her: 'The trouble with your finger is leprosy; you must return to India and go at once to the leper asylum of Pithoragarh, and devote the rest of your life to teaching the lepers.' A vision of the distant mountain asylum flashed before her, and although such a thought had never entered her mind, and she had no recollection of ever having been exposed to the disease, from that moment she never wavered in the work that God was calling her to do.

"When she told the hospital surgeon what she felt the disease was, he would not believe her, and tried to persuade her that the case was not so serious as she supposed. He said he would look it up in his medical books and report the next day. The next day she saw he had been convinced against his will.

"American physicians are not very familiar with the disease, and two of them who had examined

Miss Reed felt she should be sent to some one who had more than a book knowledge of leprosy. They sent her to New York, to a doctor who had become familiar with the disease in the West Indies. He pronounced it leprosy, but was so sorry for her that he wanted her to see one he felt knew more than he did about it, and so gave her an introduction to Sir Joseph Frayer, an authority on Indian diseases, who lived in London.

Farewell to Loved Ones

“She began preparing for a speedy return to India. But how to tell her home folks or how to spare them the great sorrow was the most difficult task before her. She wrote home that she had decided to return to India immediately. During her farewell visit home she told her mother she had resolved never to kiss any one again, and she hoped it would not seem strange if she should go away without a good-bye kiss. Her mother asked no questions, but it was hard to persuade her that her daughter should go so soon when she was still not strong. She told her sister Rena all, and added, ‘If you will let me go without a special good-bye, as though I were returning tomorrow, it will be so much easier for me.’

“When her preparations were completed Miss Reed quietly left home as if she were merely going to call on a neighbor. She had no hope of ever see-

ing that home or loved ones again—going as an exile never to return. It is said that on shipboard her sweet, sad face and gentle manner attracted attention and won her a friendship that was of great comfort to her on the first hard part of her journey.

Return to India

“The London physician said it was leprosy, and gave her a few remedies that afterwards were of much value to her work. Yet he hoped he might be mistaken and gave her a letter of introduction to a Bombay physician.

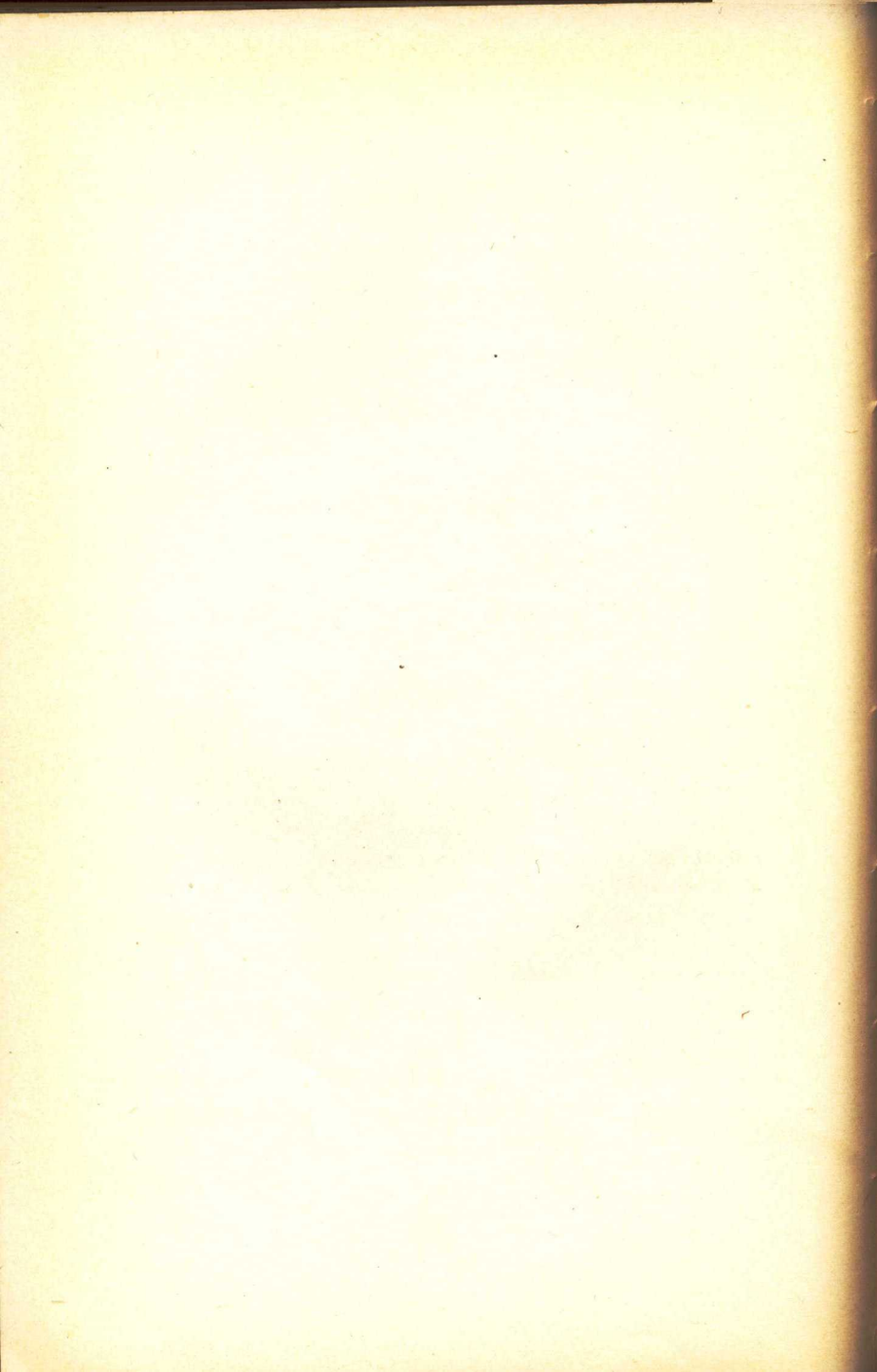
“Miss Reed’s traveling companion said: ‘I often wondered at the ivory pallor of her face, at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies.’

“At one time she said to this friend, ‘I think God has sent you in answer to prayer.’ The friend, not yet knowing her story, tried to persuade her not to go on, since her health was so poor, but the brave reply was, ‘My Father knows the way I go, and I know it is the right way.’

“One evening while in Paris Mary told this friend her story, and her voice faltered only when she spoke of her mother and the sorrow it would be to her when her daughter’s letter of explanation would reach home.



Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers



"The friend said, 'Oh, not that! Do not tell me *that* has come to you! Every Christian ought to unite in prayer for your recovery.' At this Miss Reed replied, 'I have not yet received any assurance of healing; perhaps I can serve my Father better thus.' These two friends parted in Switzerland, one to return to America, the other to go on to what God alone knew would be her fate.

"The Bombay physician said there was no doubt of its being leprosy.

A Leper to the Lepers

"She was appointed to the lepers she once had pitied so at Pithoragarh, and on the crest of a hill, 6,400 feet above sea level, overlooking the valley in which this town is situated, her bungalow was built. 'Chandag Heights the beautiful in the Himalaya Mountains,' is the address she gives on her letters.

"When the world heard her story, keenest interest was excited, but quietly she entered on her work, even though for a time the disease made painful progress.

"Many gifts helped to make her home cheerful and attractive. She loves music, and some one gave her an organ. When friends visited her she ate at her own table and took great care lest they become infected.

Her Work at Chandag Heights

"All along Miss Reed refused to use remedies in

her own case, saying that since God had permitted it to come to her she *would trust him entirely*, but she used the remedies on those in her care.

"Besides looking after the suffering lepers, feeding, clothing, teaching them, she had evangelists, teachers, and Bible women doing work out in the villages under her care.

"Buildings were put up—those of the men's quarters at one side of the property and those for the women and girls at the other side. Gardens with flowers and vegetables were worked by the inmates who were not so badly afflicted.

"Each moment of every day was so full of work for the brave heroine, and some days were filled with intense suffering.

"As the lepers would be gathered into the refuge, Miss Reed would commence teaching them. She was never content until they had become Christians.

"In 1898 Miss Reed was so worn physically that she asked to be relieved of all work except the work among the lepers, severing her connection with the society that sent her out and giving her time entirely to the Lepers' Mission. She wrote: 'From my childhood I could never do things by halves and have a satisfied mind and heart. I have found trying to serve under two societies difficult. And now the disease—though it does not show much outwardly

—affects my throat more and more and preys upon my system.'

"The officers of the Woman's Missionary Society released her, saying that they felt she had been doing more than any woman could do and do justice to herself.

Again Mingles With Her American Friends

"In 1899 she was invited to attend the Annual Conference of her church in Lucknow. She packed her camp outfit and made the eight days' journey to the foot of the mountain, accompanied by her friend, Dr. Sheldon, a lady physician. From there they went by train, eighteen or twenty hours' ride to Lucknow, where she was gladly welcomed after an absence of nine years from any such gathering.

"When Bishop Thoburn called her to the front, requesting her to speak to the audience, all she could say was 'Ham git gaiven' ('Let us sing'), and the song was:

"'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace.'

Miss Reed Is Healed

"Word began to go out that the disease had been stayed; then, that she was improving fast. Now, the testimony of missionary friends is that she

moves freely among them and all feel she is perfectly well.

"Miss Reed knows the Lord alone has healed her, and all who know the work of special prayer feel that the prayers of so many Christian people have been heard and answered most wonderfully.

She Takes a Rest

"In 1903 she left her work for a furlough that lasted three years. She visited the Holy Land, and had the great happiness of visiting once more the old home she had thought never to see again. This visit was kept as quiet as possible and she remained but a month.

"In 1906 she returned to her work joyfully. The Leper Asylum of which she is superintendent is controlled and supported entirely by the Scotch Leper Mission.

Some Things She Has Accomplished

"Under her planning the mission plant, which occupies about one hundred acres of land, has been carefully and systematically developed until it now comprises separate homes for men and women patients, quarters for treatment of the different stages of the disease, a hospital, dispensary and chapel. She has an average of eighty men and women under her care.

"Some one has said, 'Surely, the name of Mary

Reed will stand high on the roll of those who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves.’ ”

“Is she living yet, uncle?” whispered Ruth, softly.

“Yes, living her wonderful life up in the mountain heights, and although she is among people afflicted with a most loathsome disease, she is surrounded by natural beauties and her heart is filled with the love of God.

“No. 1. Tell what you can of leprosy.

“No. 2. What is being done to help the lepers?

“No. 3. Who is known as the Missionary to the Lepers?

“No. 4. Tell about her call.

“No. 5. Her first few years in India.

“No. 6. The discovery that she was a leper.

“No. 7. What about her farewell to home and friends?

“No. 8. Where is her home among the lepers?

“No. 9. Her first visit to Lucknow to the Conference.

“No. 10. What she has accomplished.”

“Wonderful! isn’t it, uncle?” said Rob, with eyes glistening.

“That is what I call being a heroine,” remarked Jack, while Ruth said, “I’ll never forget the name of Mary Reed and what it stands for.”



CHAPTER VII

Mary N. Quinter, a Humble Missionary of Gujarat

As the children gathered around their missionary uncle, Jack said he wondered if it would not be a good thing if Uncle John would tell them about the Church of the Brethren Mission in India.

"We know Wilbur Stover and wife and Bertha Ryan were our first missionaries to India, and they went in 1894, and in March, 1895, they located at Bulsar, our first mission station; that the work has prospered and grown wonderfully, and that new missionaries are being sent out every year. We have tried to commit all the names of our missionaries, but there are getting to be so many we can scarcely keep them all in mind."

"We saw the Stovers when they were home," interrupted Rob. "Aren't they great?—just the jolliest, happiest, commonest people one ever saw. I thought, since they had done so much in the mission work of the church, and were such important people, that I would be afraid to talk to them, but my! when Mr. Stover patted me on the back and said, 'Well, how are you, son?' and laughed and talked with me, I tell you I made up my mind right then

that if that's the kind of folks missionaries are I wouldn't mind being one myself some day—'course I never could be as good a one as Stover but I could try—"

"And his wife, Mary," added Ruth. "Why, she and mama just talked and visited like old friends, and she is so witty and just as happy as he. I do not wonder, with her kind, motherly way, that she is the 'little India mother' to the younger missionaries."

"There are other good ones there, my children," said Uncle John. "McCann was a wonderful man, and it was a great blow to the work when the field lost him. The native people had a great love for 'McCann Saheb,' as they called him. He was kind, yet very firm to them and they could do nothing else than love and respect him. He could adapt himself so well to all conditions and was indeed a man of God.

"I might go on and tell you of others if time permitted, but Ruth has asked for a special one, so I must do as I promised and tell about that one."

"Uncle, before you begin on another biography tell me this, will you not? Which is the most important work, and who is the biggest man on the field? You have told us of the big men in other missions, and I want to know who ours is."

At this Uncle John shook his head and laughed

as he said: "As to your first question I must say the work is all so important, and any one part so dependent on the other parts, that no one phase of the work can be pointed out as *the* important one.

"As to who is the biggest man on the field—well, as you learned in your Sunday-school, 'If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all.' There is too much to be done for this thought to come up. Every man there has two or three men's work to do. With all who have been sent out there were on the field in 1919 only the same number of men as we had in 1906. Death, and being furloughed home because of broken health, has handicapped the work not a little, and you see every one on the field has a most important place to fill.

"The work might be divided into these four divisions: Educational, Industrial, Medical, and Evangelistic.

"Some have charge of the boarding schools, some one has the Bible school; then there are the village schools surrounding the main station—as many of these as there is money to support them and teachers to teach them. Some of the boys and girls are in training school and colleges at different places, and these must be looked after, too.

"In the industrial part they are taught carpentry, cabinet making, weaving, etc. In the north part of

the field one missionary's vision was to develop the farming industry. Years have proved that his plans for that field were correct, for the friendship of the people, from the poorest farmer to the king of Nandode, is being won by this measure as it possibly could not have been by any other.

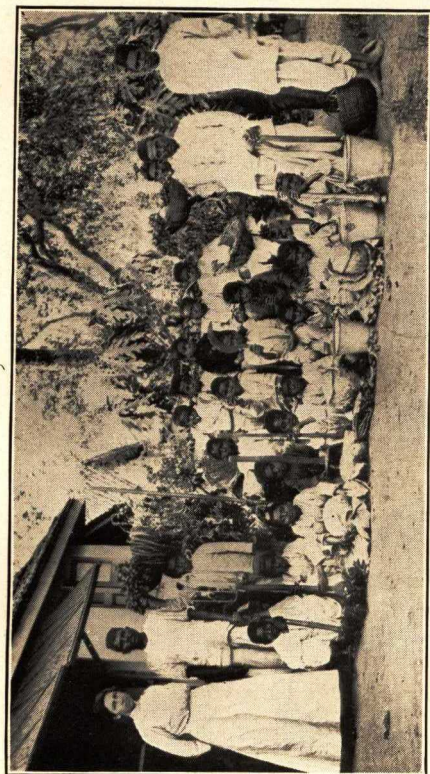
"Vegetables and fruit from the mission garden at Vulli have not ceased to be a wonder to royalty in the capital city of the state, and their estimation of the missionary has grown in proportion as the fruit of this garden surpasses that of the natives' raising.

"The people are taught a better way of farming with western methods and western implements, and when confidence is won they are taught how much greater Jehovah God is than dumb idols.

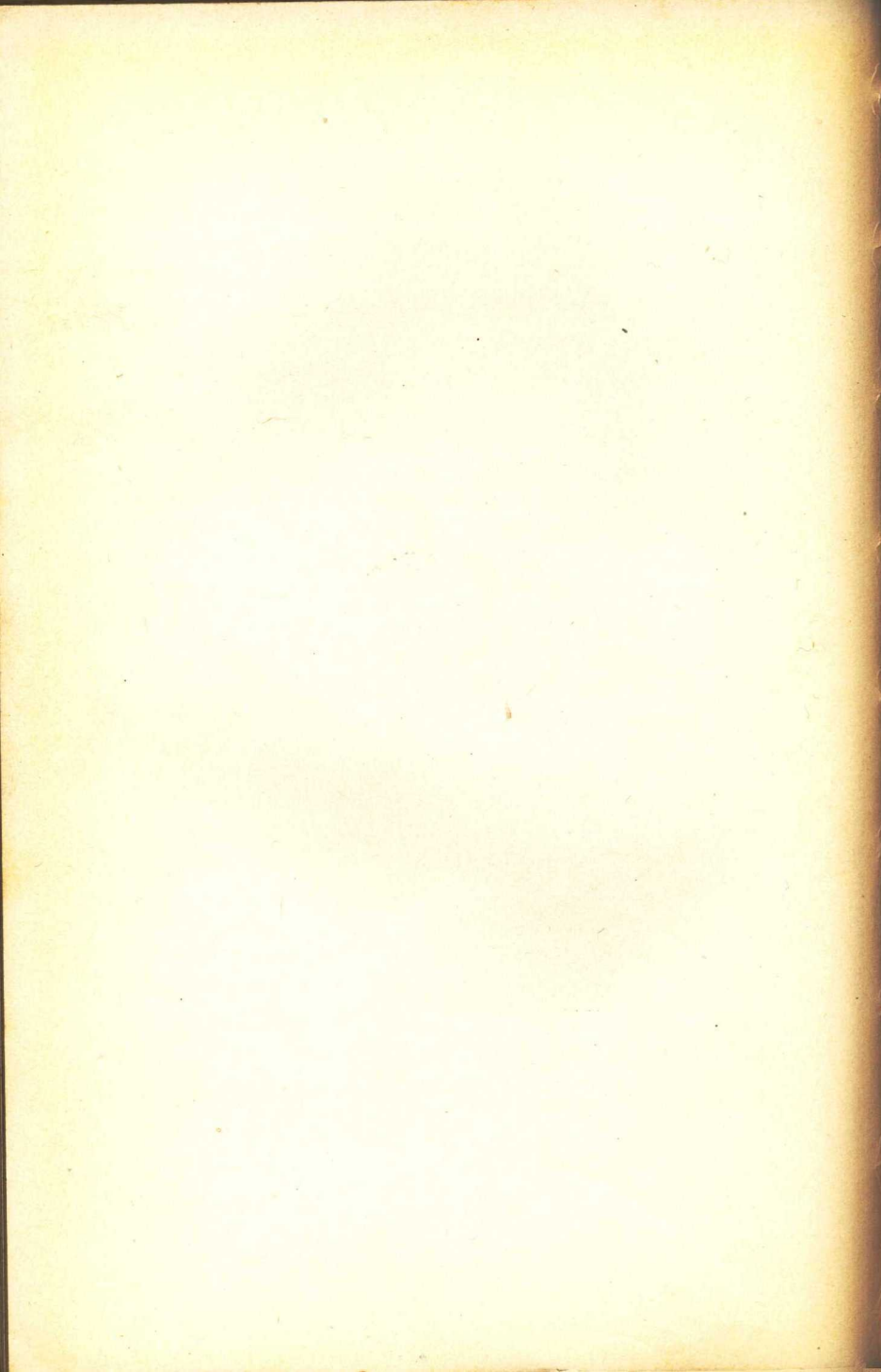
"The doctors minister to the bodies, and this gives them opportunity to try to win the souls. Thus they become not only medical missionaries but evangelistic as well, while the ones whose work is particularly evangelistic often carry simple remedies as well as the Gospel to the people.

"As they teach in the villages and spend weeks in the tent, out away from home, they carry their medical supplies to help the sick.

"The teachers of boys and girls often take them to villages and tell the gospel story. Thus you see how the different kinds of work are so closely knit



The Boys Are Glad to Exhibit the Vegetables They Have Raised



together, and the chief aim of each is to bring India to Christ.

“We need men and women prepared for special work, but even the specialist should be prepared to go where asked to go or to do what he is asked to do.”

“About whom did Ruth want you to tell?” asked Jack.

“Just one of these willing ones who were ready always to go where called and where most needed.

Mary N. Quinter

“James Quinter, bishop, schoolman, editor, and one of the most prominent and best-loved men of the Brethren Church, and Fanny (Studebaker) Quinter were the parents of Mary N., or ‘Mamie’ as we called her in India.

“She was born January 21, 1863, at New Vienna, Ohio. Later on, when she was yet a small girl, the family moved to Columbiana, where her father was an editor. She also spent some of her childhood days at Covington, Ohio, and later on they moved to Meyersdale, Pennsylvania.

*“Mary was a precocious child, learning her letters from the raised ones on the stove hearth. By following her mother and half-sister (Mrs. J. T. Myers) around, asking them to spell and pronounce

* Mary's sister, Mrs. F. F. Holsopple, has kindly furnished us information about Mary's early days.

words for her, she was able to read quite well when only four years old.

"In this picture, taken when two years of age, she was asked to keep very quiet. She replied, 'Be still while papa prays.' Little did those who heard her think that the father of whom she was so fond would pass away while at prayer in the Annual Conference years later. The father's prayers impressed in her babyhood days, helped her in girlhood, and at his passing, over which she never ceased to mourn, the last breath that was breathed was a prayer which was a benediction to her all the rest of her days.

"Her seriousness and sensitiveness was extreme. When a small girl, while she was reading for her uncle, she was greeted with a loud laugh, and thinking she was being ridiculed she burst into tears. This serious, sensitive nature she carried with her all her life. Although sensitive in the extreme, she never allowed it to make her friends unhappy. All her hurts were carried to her heavenly Father, on whom she cast her cares. If any one wounded her feelings it was seldom found out, and she never allowed a sensitive nature to become a selfish nature.

"She was very happy when she entered public school; never complained about her tasks and always took deep interest in doing her best.

"At the age of twelve she became a Christian.



Mary Quinter



Mary N. Quinter as a Baby

Her baptism was always regarded as a great event in her life, and vows made then were faithfully kept.

College Days

"After the removal of her family to Huntingdon she entered Juniata College in 1877, and graduated in the Normal English Course in 1883. Later she pursued advanced courses, and attended Swarthmore College for two years. Upon the death of her father she returned home to stay with her mother.

"She taught public school, and in 1891 she completed 'Quinter's Life and Letters,' an interesting biography of her father. Sometime after this she taught some classes and was librarian at Juniata.

"During all these activities she preserved an intense spiritual life and was deeply interested in the mission work of her church.

Takes Up Mission Work

"In 1902 she was called by the General Mission Board to take up work among children in Chicago.

"She enjoyed this work exceedingly, but when the Board in 1903 called her to the India field she gladly answered the call, even though she was sorry to part with the Chicago work. In speaking of this call later on in life she said: 'I took the call of the Board as the call from God. I had previously offered myself for the foreign field, and when they asked me to go I felt the call was from above. When a girl at home obedience always brought joy and

disobedience sorrow, and so I knew I must obey the call to India and oh, how glad I am that I did!'

"In 1903 she, with quite a company of others, reached India and was located at Bulsar.

"When our party arrived in Bombay Mary was one of the first to come on board ship, and her cheery greeting and happy face told us that her work was a pleasure to her.

"Her work as librarian gave her an extraordinarily wide acquaintance with authors and literary people. The moment anyone mentioned a book in circulation she could tell a great deal about it. Being so conversant with many authors she had a store of offhand information that made her useful to a larger extent than the ordinary person, and gave her a wider acquaintance of friends in India than she would have had otherwise.

"She came to the field older in years than the ordinary missionary, which she felt keenly, but with her usual determination to succeed she did not allow this to stop her. She soon became acclimated, and acquired the language and everything else that is necessary to make up the successful missionary. She had a practical knowledge of medicine, which was very useful, and with which she aided many of the sick people of India. Many times she went into places and homes to help the sick and poor where

no one else would think of going, often to the exposure of her health.

“At one time a native woman was very ill, not expected to recover, and was to be taken a ten hours’ journey to the hospital as the last resort. The husband sent a telegram asking Mary to accompany them. She met them at the junction and took charge of the situation.

“The woman had a third-class ticket, for the native Christians, as well as ourselves, usually travel third on the railway. Mary felt this would be too much exposure for the sick woman, so she bought a second-class ticket and proceeded to take the woman in the second-class compartment with her, at which the conductor objected. Mary tried to explain, and held her point, finally saying, ‘I take her this way, whatever happens,’ and she did.

“She left nothing undone to bring comfort and rest to the one in distress on that trip, and the husband often says, ‘Had it not been for Miss Quinter’s help my wife would not be living today.’

“Another woman was ill with rheumatism, which had reached such a stage that no one thought she could possibly recover, and, as is often the case in India, when hope was gone neither friends nor any one else took further interest in her and left her to her fate. Mary discovered this, and tenderly cared for her. Today she is living and well, and with tears

in her eyes she tells how Mary came nights to care for her and her poor, crying, helpless little children, praying with her, encouraging her, and giving remedies she knew would help, until the woman had recovered. She truly gave herself for others.

"She was ever ready to go where duty called, no matter how inconvenient it might be nor how dangerous. When cholera broke out in one of the inland stations, Mamie was the first one to offer to help the missionaries there. While at Bulsar she worked among the orphans, teaching in the boys' school, looking after their food and clothing and helping to care for them when ill.

"Her interest in the young men of the schools was intense. She would furnish them with all the literature possible to help them to grow strong spiritually and intellectually.

"She made it a rule that when she assisted any one to learn English she would use the Bible for a Textbook, thus giving food for the soul, which one must take if one would have the other.

"While at Anklesvar she assisted the McCanns in their work of taking care of the little boys. While here she was kept busy at one time with a number of the sick ones. One morning she had been very busy dressing a bad sore on one of the smaller boys. When her work was done she went to the bungalow, threw herself into a chair quite exhausted, and un-



Mary Quinter and the Boys Who Came to Her Every Evening for Bible Lessons

thoughtedly dropped the instruments into her lap. A scissor point pricked her lower limb, infection set in, and for days she suffered with blood poison in a Bombay hospital. For a while it was feared she would lose her limb, and perhaps her life, but she recovered and went back to work.

The Children Loved Her

"She was loved in a special manner by the children, all of whom called her 'Auntie Mamie.' At Christmas time even the tiniest baby of the mission family received some gift from her.

"Little Paul Ebey used to pray, 'Dear God, bless Auntie Mamie, and Uncle Teeman [Uncle Steven] and all the rest of the uncles and aunties.' These two he always called by name. Little did we think when little Paul was laid away that 'Auntie Mamie' would soon be with him.

"She accompanied a mission family home on sick leave, and they often say they do not know what they would have done without her help.

At Home Again

"At Conference time she told these missionaries who had traveled with her, 'I can scarcely wait until it is time to return to India. I have enjoyed being with mother and meeting friends, but it isn't home here any more. I have changed, my friends have changed; India needs me and that is my home.' She

spent some time among the churches, but as soon as furlough time was up she set her face Eastward.

Return to India

"In 1911, after a stormy passage, she again reached India. She wrote back, saying she hoped she would be spared another voyage to America.

"In another letter she wrote thus: 'I must tell you the same things are happening, and our people are still sometimes tempted to go wrong. They need us yet, and more of us are needed—we wish we could double ourselves and then divide and go, where we could help more of them.' She goes on to tell of some of the sorrows of the native parents as a child is laid away, of the work among the widows in her care, of some of them who have married and are happy in their homes, and then of the school-work with the native Christian children, entering into their joys and their sorrows as if they were her own.

"Again, she says: 'The sacrifice comes when we must leave the work and not while we are in it. I have felt I never had any right to think of sacrifice—let alone speak it. . . . It is better to be here working—oh, so much better, than to be at home again talking about it. I am so thankful to be here. And I felt more as though I was coming home when I came back to India than I did as I went to America.'

Takes Charge of the Widows' Home

"She always had much concern for the aged and the widows of our mission, as well as the multitudes in the embrace of Hinduism, and because of her continued appeal the Widows' Home at Jalalpor was opened. She was given charge of the Home and remained in charge until her death. She was happy and busy caring for the widows as the days went by, although she was suffering bodily pain. On her voyage home she once said, 'Sometimes I am afraid I will not get back to India. I am not nearly so well as I look, nor as people think I am.' When she found it necessary to go to the hospital for her operation, which she hoped would make her well, she made every preparation and provision it was possible for her to make for the widows, that they might be well cared for in her absence.

Her Passing

"Her close friend, Sadie J. Miller, writes thus:

"'I shall not forget the sorrow that came over the Widows' Home when I had to break the news that Mary would return to us no more, nor shall I forget the days of loneliness and sadness I passed, knowing that she would not return to the home in which we spent so many happy times in work together. There was the work of her hand, her vacant chair by mine, her vacant bed beside my own, and the absence of her footsteps, her counsel, advice,

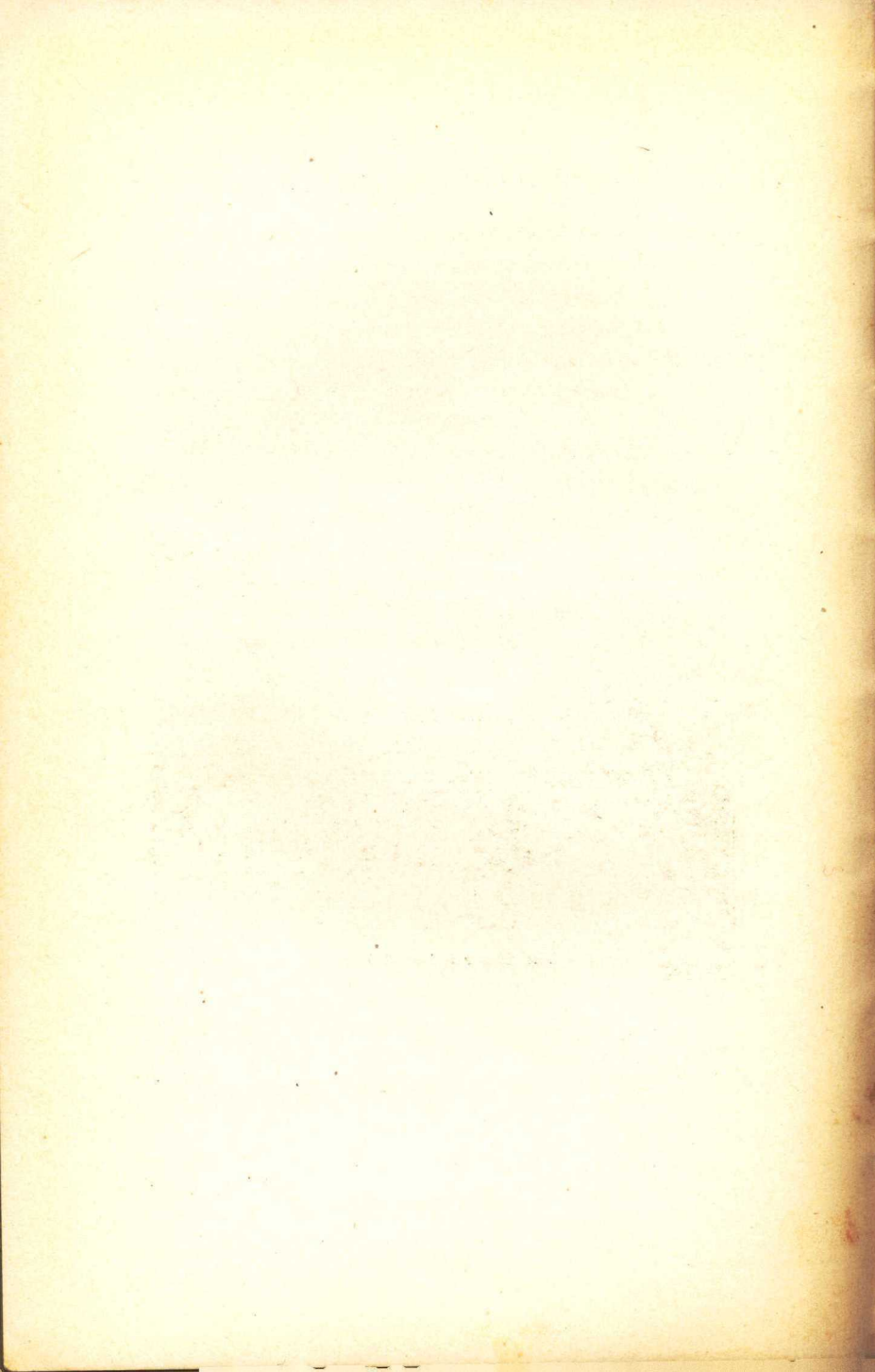
and all that I relied upon in her as a companion—all gone. The entire Christian community at Jalalpor, as well as the surrounding non-Christian communities, mourned with us, especially the women that knew her. There were the women who sold her eggs, the farmers, the broommakers, and hosts of others. One poor, elderly, stooped widow, who had received much consolation—a widow of this widow-hating country—often came and never ceased to speak of the kindness of our dear Mamie. Before leaving for the hospital she gave me the names of her most intimate friends, telling me to write them while she was ill, and if she did not get well to tell them the particulars of her going.’

“Another missionary wrote:

“‘I must speak first of all of the home-going of our dear Mamie. We are sad, of course, and will miss her most keenly, but she manifested such a patient, beautiful spirit through all that we rejoice that God has manifested himself through her so wondrously. She was in the hospital, and our own Dr. Laura was with her. At first she seemed to promise well to recover quickly, but on the second day showed extreme nervousness and sleeplessness, which continued until the sixth day, when she fell asleep. Bro. Galen preached the funeral and most of the missionaries were present. She lies beside our little Paul and Mary in the beautiful little ceme-



The Children Loved Her



tery in Bulsar. Mamie's work and influence will go on and her triumphant death will surely move others to give themselves to the work.' She was loved by the native people and missed so much by the missionaries, who considered Mary one of their most intelligent and earnest workers. But her influence will be felt down through the years, especially by those who are ministered to at the Mary Quinter Memorial Hospital, erected in her honor. She is happy with the father, to whom she was so devoted, with little Paul, who was no doubt waiting with outstretched arms for his Aunt Mamie, and best of all, with the Lord she loved so well."

"How glad I am we have helped build the hospital, aren't you, boys?" said Ruth.

"No. 1. Who were our first missionaries to India?"

"No. 2. When did they go? First station and when established?"

"No. 3. How might the work be divided?"

"No. 4. Tell something of the girlhood of Mary Quinter."

"No. 5. Her school days."

"No. 6. Her mission work."

"No. 7. Her love for her work."

"No. 8. What memorial is erected to her memory?"

"Now we will take the map and have an exercise,

to see how much you really know about the India field," and Uncle John proceeded to drill them on the mission stations, the special work done at each place, the names of the missionaries, and where located. When one would forget he must sit down and let another try to give the list, until they could all say the names correctly.

Uncle John Leaves for India

A telegram came to the Brights one evening, reading thus:

"Boat sails next Saturday; be with you tomorrow.
"John."

They knew uncle might be called to go soon, but this brought consternation to Jack and Rob and Ruth. They would miss Uncle John, indeed. Then, too, there were so many things they had wanted to ask him yet, and would never have time for half of them.

He had been so busy for several months, lecturing in various places, that they did not see much of him, and now he would just make a flying visit and be off.

They were in bed when he arrived, and next morning he was to go. Very little breakfast was eaten that morning, and at prayers, when Uncle John prayed so earnestly for them all, more than one tear dropped, but was brushed away, for they

wanted uncle to see they could be brave as well as he.

Mother cried and Ruth threw herself onto the couch in a fit of weeping, until Uncle John went to her and got her to sit up and smile, saying he wanted to see a smile the last thing. The boys blinked back the tears as they said good-bye. Father drove up in the machine, and they all had to carry something and help them get started.

"Take care of yourself, sis, and of all this 'Bright bunch,'" he said, leaning out and hugging his sister once more.

"Next time you don't leave me behind," said Rob. "I'll have my medicine case ready and go with you."

"I'll try for a nurse's cap and apron and go too," said Ruth, now smiling up into his face.

"And say, Uncle John, perhaps you will need a fellow to *just fill in* somewhere over there, and I might be able to do that when you go back next time," said Jack, humbly.

"God bless you, boy! That kind is needed I am sure."

"Salaam, salaam!" and with the Indian salute their dear uncle was whisked out of sight, on his way to the ship that would carry him across the sea.



INDIA

By Nora E. Berkebile

INDIA, bright gem of the East,
So sinful and yet so fair,
With your legends old, and ancient lore,
With tales of wealth you have had in store
And jewels and gems so rare.

India, O India, bright land of ours,
Where the palm trees rise,
And the orchids bloom,
Where the jasmine yields its sweet perfume
Neath your glowing, starry skies!

India! Thou sunny land!
Thou art sinful indeed we know,
For your idol gods have long held sway,
For ignorance and sin they have paved the way
And still you will to them go.

India! Awake! Oh, see the light
That Jesus sends you now,
To break apart those cruel bands
Of gods' and priests' and Vedas' commands
And no more to them bow!

Dear India! Fair India!
Not for thy wealth we came—
Not for thy gifts of golden store—
Not for thy books of ancient lore,
But just in Jesus' name.

O India, thy sins forsake
And open wide thy door!
Oh, look on Christ, thy Savior, too,
Who bled and died and lives for you!
Oh, love your gods no more!

